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The Week

ACCORDING to dispatches from Washington, officials connected with the State Department are gravely alarmed at the disposition shown by certain European governments and politicians to ask the coming Washington Conference to consider some of the most pressing and insoluble of European international problems. They may well be. It is one of the doubtful aspects of the plan of the Conference that it combines a general object which is impossible of accomplishment with a specific object which is not impossible. Moreover, the failure to make any headway with the general object may interfere with its possible success in achieving its special object. The general object is the limitation of land armaments which is primarily a European matter and which can not be discussed without dragging in the unsolved and dangerous political and economic problems of contemporary Europe. France, Great Britain and Italy are far more interested in obtaining American help in dealing with their own troubles than they are in helping America to pacify the Pacific. They will want to trade their own consent to American proposals with respect to the Pacific against American consent to assume a more active and responsible interest in European affairs; and to that end they will do their best to unload their own desperately serious situation on the Conference. It will take a great deal of adroitness, flexibility and firmness to prevent this division of interest from wrecking that part of the Conference which from the American point of view is most important—the limitation of naval armaments based on an agreement between Japan, Great Britain and the United States with respect to the future of China.

THE Emergency Program adopted by the National Unemployment Conference is soundly conceived. It seeks primarily to provide reemployment rather than relief, and to that end it recommends a long list of expedients which if adopted would quickly reemploy some of the unemployed and which would soon start in motion some of the major wheels of industry. One of the expedients which it most earnestly recommends is at least doubtful. It is that of distributing the unemployment among a larger number of people by making it partial rather than complete. Manufacturers are advised to employ a thousand operatives for half of the time rather than five hundred of them for all of the time. There is obviously something to be said for this expedient, but obviously also it brings with it evils almost as serious as those which it is intended to abate. It will diminish actual starvation but it will increase privation and, if it continues long in effect, it will tend to demoralize the wage-earning class almost as much as would the complete unemployment of a smaller number of workers. The other expedients which all look

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towards the immediate provision of more jobs by the stimulation of public and private work are far preferable. If adopted they would soon augment the demand for labor. But their adoption depends unfortunately on an amount of cooperation for the public benefit on the part of business men and politicians which they do not usually exhibit except under some form of compulsion.

THE paradox of the economic situation is that demand and supply, instead of meeting in effective opposition, are no longer on speaking terms. They exist simultaneously, but in distinct strata, or in separate spheres. There is great demand, but in the absence of purchasing power it is not, in the economist's phrase, effective demand. Hence supply becomes overproduction and overproduction issues in unemployment and an increase of the ineffective demand. How to break this vicious circle is the problem of the Conference at Washington. It might be conjectured that the attack should be directed at the weakest point. What is the weakest point? Food, says the farmer, and proposes credits to enable starving Europe to take his surplus off his hands. Clothing, says the merchant, and proposes a "buying week" to stimulate consumption and clear his shelves. Transportation, cry the railroads, and propose a government loan of $500,000,000 to enable them to enter the market as purchasers. But nearly everyone will agree that in the housing situation there exists at present the greatest effective demand which is met by no available supply. Accordingly it is of interest to note in the same issue of the New York Evening Post that "building contracts awarded in New York and northern New Jersey for September amounted to $85,900,000, the largest figure on record for any one month," and that by virtue of the acceptance of Judge Landis's wage decision by the Building Trades Council of Chicago, the reopening of work on $60,000,000 of contracts in that city was expected in the first week of October.

THERE is a manoeuvre, not recognized we believe in the manuals of minor tactics, by which an officer may show his adroitness in rescuing his company or platoon from otherwise inextricable complications by shouting "As you were"; whereupon his men break ranks and return to their original formation. This is the latest phase of the British-Irish negotiations. On September 7th Mr. Lloyd George asked Mr. de Valera "whether you are prepared to enter a conference to ascertain how the association of Ireland with the community of nations known as the British empire can best be reconciled with Irish national aspirations." In accepting the invitation Mr. de Valera inconveniently asserted that the Irish envoys would enter the conference as the representatives of an independent and sovereign state. Mr. Lloyd George promptly replied that this was the one thing which he could not accept, nor could he admit the claim as a subject of discussion at the conference. There followed a brisk exchange of messages until Mr. de Valera found occasion to say that while he did not expect the British government to grant this contention as a preliminary to the conference, it was, nevertheless, the subject of chief importance to be discussed there. To this Mr. Lloyd George replied by repeating the exact words of his original invitation, which Mr. de Valera now accepts in a manner satisfactory to the British cabinet. Mr. Lloyd George has pronounced the magic formula: "As you were on September 7th."

IT has been generally believed from the start that if the British and Irish representatives could once be assembled at the conference table, the difficulties between them would be arranged. This belief receives support from the patent fact that both parties throughout the long preliminaries have repeatedly shown their anxiety to come to agreement, by refusing to break off the negotiations even in the face of considerable provocation. It receives additional support from the fact that the stronger party is evidently the more willing to make concessions. It has been assumed throughout that should the negotiations fail, the British could put pressure upon southern Ireland amounting to the extermination of its inhabitants. Apparently they lack the will if not the power to do this. The result of the long exchange has been to leave the Irish in a very strong position. They have felt out the enemy thoroughly and know clearly what positions they can carry with the forces of argument at their disposal.

THE so-called treaty with Germany is doubtless destined to be ratified. It is not a document to be proud of; its only merit is that it makes possible a resumption of relations with Germany which will form the subject of later negotiations. It is the opinion of the New Republic that these should be initiated promptly, and in a spirit of fairness, even of generosity. In the light of these negotiations the clauses of the present protocol which underwrite wholesale certain provisions of the Treaty of Versailles may be passed over as a blanket legalistic formula. Even the false and silly clause by which Germany is made to confess sole and

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guilty responsibilty for the war may be taken in the sense in which Dr. Rosen explained it to the Reichstag, as a conventional piece of piffle which while it tickles the childish moral vanity of the Allies, does no particular harm to anyone.

THE opposition to the ratification of the Treaty comes chiefly from the Senators who are still animated by the revelation of Woodrow Wilson and enlightened by the gospel of Versailles. They are of course entitled to all the comfort which they can obtain from Senator Lodge's remarks in 1918 to the effect that: "We cannot make peace except in company with our allies. It would brand us with everlasting dishonor and bring ruin to us also if we undertook a separate peace." But when they declare that "this peace is an ignominious postscript to our infamy in refusing to accept the Versailles treaty," and talk in the same breath about "a fight for decency" and "upholding the decrees of the Reparations Commission" it is pertinent to refer them to the infamy of breaking the pre-Armistice agreement, and the intellectual indecency of the economic hypothesis upon which the reparations account rests. To stir up again the incredible dung heap of Versailles for the sake of discussing the comparative moral values involved seems to us fruitless at this late day. The Senators would do better to follow the example of Messrs. Harding and Hughes—hold their noses and pass by on the other side of the street.

THE New Republic unintentionally did an injustice to the present administration in describing its attitude toward the League of Nations as one of elaborate ignorance. It appears that communications from that body, accumulating since February, were not ignored but answered on August 17th. The State Department does not seem to have sought publicity for this achievement. And indeed the answers apparently made no contribution of value except to the maintenance of a formally courteous relation. Of the subjects on which the League sought the advice and cooperation of the United States that of most farreaching importance is the situation in reference to mandated territory. On this point the United States denies the jurisdiction of the League, holding that the German colonies were ceded to the five principal allied and associated powers, and that it is for them and not the League to determine how the territory shall be disposed of. With reference to the suppression of the white slave traffic the United States declines the invitation of the League to cooperation because it was not a party to the international agreement of 1910, and because of difficulties between national and state governments as to police regulation. With regard to the postponement of claims against Austria the administration replies that it is awaiting action by Congress. To the suggestion that it might agree not to press these claims, it replies that it is not pressing them. So there you are.

OF all these questions that relating to Austria is most urgent. The partition of Austria constitutes the outstanding instance of the stupidity of Paris, and the results of it have been most immediately appealing to the sympathy of the world. A plan for the financial rehabilitation of Austria has been drawn up by the League, approved by Austria, and by seventeen governments which have agreed to waive their financial claims for a definite period. Only the United States holds aloof—and the latest advices from Vienna give perhaps a month as the time remaining in which to avert complete financial ruin. The United States cannot escape responsibility by referring to the lack of cooperation between the administration and Congress. We are responsible for the kind of government we keep.

IN the New York Evening Post of September 30th there appeared a remarkable interview with Mr. E. T. England who is attorney general of West Virginia. He described to the correspondent with commendable frankness the way in which the officials of that state have allowed its legal authority to be openly used and abused to prevent one class of their fellow citizens from engaging in occupations which were entirely lawful and proper. In Logan, Mercer, McDowell and Mingo Counties it is a regular custom to assess operators for the wages of gunmen who are usually furnished by the Baldwin-Felts Detective Agency and who receive a state commission as deputy sheriffs. Senator Kenyon recently asked Mr. England whether the deputy sheriffs were not used chiefly to keep the unions out of the non-union fields. "I told him 'yes,'" he said. "Everybody knows it. The coal operators over there will admit that it is one of their functions." Yet "there is a law on the statute books of West Virginia making it unlawful for a deputy sheriff to act as guard or watchman for a private firm or corporation." Is it any wonder that union leaders sometimes accuse the American state of provoking a class war by acting as the accomplice of their class opponents?

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The Return of the Old Guard

WHEN early in September the press dispatches from Washington announced the appointment of Oscar Underwood, Elihu Root, Henry Cabot Lodge and Charles Evans Hughes as the four representatives of the United States at the Washington Conference, the announcement passed almost without comment. The names of the delegates did not provoke much in the way either of approval or disapproval. People took them as a matter of course. The President had selected them as representative leaders of their parties and as the occupiers of positions which entitled them officially to be consulted about the work of the Conference. In this respect he was, of course, ostentatiously pursuing a policy different from that of his predecessor. Mr. Wilson's selections to the delegation at the Paris Conference were dictated by personal preferences and convenience. President Harding's were dictated by a principle similar to that which determines the membership of the British Cabinet. His delegates are supposed to represent honored, trusted and recognized political leadership. His delegation is in embryo a coalition of Elder Statesmen.

But if these gentlemen are the trusted political chiefs of the American nation at the present time, this fact possesses a startling significance in relation to the vicissitudes of political leadership before the war. Ten years ago the American people were absorbed in a quick and exciting contest for leadership among politicians who were primarily progressives and politicians who were primarily partisans. Ever since the advent of Roosevelt, divided counsels had existed in the Republican national organization. The dissension had only increased with the departure of Roosevelt and the coming of Taft, for, contrary to general expectation, the submission of Taft to the domination of the Old Guard had not recreated the party solidarity, so conspicuous in the McKinley administration. The Republican representatives in Congress had divided into two groups, termed, by general agreement, progressive and conservative. The attempts of the insurgents to capture control of the party machinery, or at least to modify its policy in a considerable measure, dragged the party quarrel into public view.

In 1911 this quarrel between progressive and conservative Republicans in and out of Congress was the most momentous phenomenon in American politics. It had served to bring into national prominence such men as Bourne, Borah, Bristow, Norris, Cummins, and, most of all, La Follette. The progressives assumed the existence of sufficient popular support to enable them to defeat their enemies. So considerable a following had come to the insurgents in their fight in Congress that they formed a national progressive organization to carry it on, and they selected La Follette to contest with Taft the Presidential nomination in the following year. But Taft was merely titular leader of the power against which the progressives were waging their fight. That power was embodied best by Aldrich, Penrose, Lodge, and with them were associated in the public mind such men as Root and Sherman.

The contest culminated, of course, in the primary election of 1912. The progressive wing of the Republicans carried most of the party primaries in the north-west, and clearly proved their title as the majority of the party membership to name Roosevelt as the Presidential candidate, but their opponents controlled the machine and unseated enough Roosevelt delegates to give them an official majority in favor of Taft's nomination. In every party there is a considerable number of men, including usually all of those of long experience in political management, who conceive politics as the organization and propaganda of inertia. Proposed changes which are dictated by ideas particularly alarm them. Whenever popular opinion becomes uneasy and changes prompted by a conscious progressive purpose impend, they sit tight, raise the banner of party regularity, and prepare to capture the delegates. The Republicans of this stamp decided, if necessary, to wreck the party rather than to permit it to become progressive in feeling and principle.

They would have wrecked the party if the Progressives had really believed in their progressive principles, but they, like their conservative opponents, really attached more importance to party regularity and party enmity than they did to progressive convictions. The antipathy between the two wings of the party was rapidly submerged by a common hatred of President Wilson's mildly progressive but very partisan administration. In 1916 under Mr. Roosevelt's leadership they subordinated every other political object to the defeat of the Democrats. All that was left of their former devotion to progressive ideas passed from view during the following year with the advent of American participation in the war. Here and there a progressive leader, particularly Senator La Follette, continued to carry on the fight, but the vast majority ignored it and in this they had the support of public opinion. Finally in the campaign of 1920 a Republican coalition swept the country. It won an overwhelming victory despite the patent fact that the Republican

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party organization was unchanged, and that its candidate embodied a conservatism, a party regularity and a complacency in a form that was possitively unscrupulous. During the past eight months American politics have been a love feast of optimism, self-satisfaction, conformity and reaction. The transformation from the ferment of 1911 is complete and astounding. It affects not only the politicians but the journalists. Ten years ago the popular periodicals were journals of ideas and their popular writers were zealously engaged in reforming America. Today the same writers are either out of a job or they have reformed themselves and eat out of the hands of their former enemies.

Frequently in the course of American party politics a whole generation of leaders passes, and an almost complete change takes place in the complexion of personal politics. This was true in large measure during the late eighties and early nineties of the last century. But transformation of American party leadership to which we are now calling attention is not merely substitution; it is reversion. The American people are not selecting new leaders. They are returning to old ones. Some of the former progressives such as Bryan, Wilson and La Follette have ceased to possess much influence. Others have ceased to be progressives in any sense that interferes with party regularity. There is a remnant, such as Senators Borah, Johnson and others, who have succeeded in being irregularly regular and sporadically progressive, but their following is chiefly local and they possess no common domestic progressive program. When in a critical moment the government summons the world to meet in Washington, official and effective leadership accrues to Root who is older than either Wilson, Bryan or La Follette, to Lodge who entered the Senate when Harrison was President, to Hughes who ceased to be governor of New York before the disastrous campaign of 1910, to Underwood, who although he has but recently become the leader of the Democrats in the Senate has been in Congress since the middle of the second administration of Cleveland and who, the youngest of the American delegation, is fifty-nine years of age. And Taft has but recently been appointed Chief Justice by the fellow citizen of Ohio who in 1910 was defeated for governor of that state.

There are many reasons for the power which these Elder Statesmen have reacquired, but the chief reason undoubtedly turns upon the prodigious importance which the party machine and party discipline necessarily occupy in so diversified a country and in so disunited a government as those of the American nation. The Republican irregulars of ten years ago threatened to go out of the party rather than abandon their progressive convictions. They did go out when, after having converted a majority of the party to the support of their candidate, the regulars deprived them of the nomination. They could not have done less under the circumstances, and they took with them most of the youth, the enthusiasm and the vision of the party, but they left the party label and the machine behind. It looked for a moment as if they might succeed; but they really never had a chance. While the Democratic administration adopted some progressive ideas, it made no attempt to attract and assimilate the progressive leaders. It remained an essentially partisan administration. The Republican progressives found themselves more disgruntled with the Wilson Democracy than they were with Taft Republicanism. As soon as this occurred their complete capitulation was only a matter of time. They admitted in effect that partisan loyalties and antipathies were more important to them than progressive convictions and that no matter what the obligation of party regularity demanded of them in the sacrifice of ideas, they must pay it or cease to count in American politics.

American statesmen and politicians will, we may be sure, read the manifest lesson with an open and retentive mind. They will review the "independent," "mugwump," "reform," "insurgent," "progressive" and "liberal" agitations of the past fifty years, and they will remark what a small impression the waves of progressive impulse have made upon the massive inertia of American political practice and organization. They have worn away a few conspicuous and exposed abuses, but the effective power remains where it was in the early eighties. The country is still ruled by men to whom politics is a private business and they ultimately take their orders from men to whom private business is a god. These men cherish a profound suspicion of ideas and a profound aversion to change. In party loyalty and authority they possess an apparently infallible method of suffocating ideas and of preventing changes which are prompted by conviction and principle rather than by necessity. They conceive party loyalty and authority to be indispensable as a unifying safeguard against the unwieldiness, the dissensions and the particularism of so huge a democracy, and they attribute to it a function in relation to ideas not dissimilar to that of the Catholic church in the Middle Ages. Ideas will occasionally break out on the skin of the most healthy community. Our rulers are willing to put up with the annoyance, provided they are confined to the celes-

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tial but remote region of speculative controversy. Let them be kept interesting and even exciting but unimportant. Their progenitors must not tamper with the management of practical affairs, and they should never interfere with that party loyalty and that recognition of party authority without which the American nation would be torn to pieces by all kinds of heresies and factions. It is enough for any true American to have his career as a citizen boiled down in his obituary to the simple phrase "He was a Republican" or "He was a Democrat."

A Public Service Corporation Organized to Serve the Public

THE plan of the New York Transit Commission for the rehabilitation of the railways of New York City seems to be with one important exception essentially sound. If it is carried out, it will give to the City of New York a municipally controlled group of roads whose capitalization will not exceed the physical value of the property, which will be operated without any necessary obstacles to economy under the supervision of a single public authority, from which all water, waste, perpetual franchises and vested interests will be eliminated, and whose fares will be automatically adjusted to yield as much, but only as much, income as the efficiency of the service demands. In spite of the existing enormous deficit there seems to be a good chance that a five cent fare will be sufficient, after the proposed economies are effected, to produce the needed income. At any rate, the plan provides for its retention until its insufficiency is proved. The Commission has to all appearances honestly and intelligently tried to organize the railways of New York City as a public service.

The important respect in which they have not emerged from the economic and social standards of 1890 is in their proposed treatment of the employees of the municipal transit corporation. They recognize the title of the owner to what is left of the actual value of his property. They recognize the title of the citizen of New York to the best possible service at the lowest possible cost. But they scarcely recognize even the existence of the man who gives his whole time and energy to the operation of these railways. Their suggested charter of the greatest public service corporation in this country does not set up for the employee any legal status in the organization of the service, and it does practically nothing to supply him with a sufficient motive for taking a personal interest in the welfare of his corporation employer. The "operating personnel" do, indeed, divide with the new security holders any surplus profits which will result from efficient management, but under the circumstances these profits cannot amount to more than a trifling percentage of an employee's wages. The least the employee has a right to demand from a corporation which is supposed to be a public servant is the guarantee of an American standard of living, an official machinery for the adjustment of grievances and for consultation about wages and hours, and effective representation in the board of management.

In other respects, however, the plan establishes precedents and standards in the relation between the state and public utility corporations which are far better than those which have hitherto prevailed. It cuts out of the New York City railways all those private interests which interfere with their operation as a public service. It proposes to accomplish, that is, in relation to New York City transit just what so many people have hoped Congress would accomplish in relation to the national railways. By preventing private interests from interfering for their own benefit in the management of the municipal railways, it removes an insuperable obstacle to the just and economic determination of rates and wages. In the case of the national railways, Congress deliberately perpetuated these distracting private interests. When the railway companies insist upon an increase in rates, the shippers under existing conditions not unnaturally demur. As long as the waste and exploitation of private management continue, they are probably being asked to load their business with an unnecessarily high charge for transportation. The wage earners are asked to pay a similar price for private ownership. They are asked to accept reductions in wages which might in their opinion and in fact be unnecessary, were it not for inflated capitalization, duplication of service and the many extra costs of private competition as compared with unified public ownership and management.

New York City narrowly escaped the perpetuation of a street railway system whose organization, like that of the national railways, would have attempted to reconcile incompatible private and public interests. When the expenses of railroad operation began to increase and the financial standing of the operating companies was becoming insecure, an agitation was started by the New York Company for an increase of fare as the only way of providing for adequate public service. If the agitation had succeeded, the people of New York would have paid indefinitely an eight or ten cent fare chiefly for the purpose of restoring the trac-

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tion stocks to their former value and so reviving the credit of the companies. The demand for the higher fare was put forward ostensibly to enable the companies to serve the public, but really to render unnecessary a thoroughgoing reorganization of the municipal railways in the interest of efficiency and economy. It failed, but it failed only by a narrow margin and as a consequence of the stubborn opposition of the municipal government and a few popular newspapers.

A similarly instructed public opinion and vigilant government did not exist in Washington when Congress was discussing the return of the national railroads to their private owners. In the case of the national railroads the agitation for higher fares and rates succeeded, and its success now constitutes a formidable obstacle to any thoroughgoing reconstruction of the existing inadequate, wasteful and partially obsolete plan and service. The railroads were granted a large increase in income without being encouraged or required to eliminate the wastes of private management. In other words, Congress retained private management at public expense and so provided for a continuation indefinitely of the old conflict of private interest between the customers of the railroads, their employees and their owners. Some day it will have to reverse this decision and propose a reorganization of the national railroads analogous to that which the New York Transit Commission proposes for the local railways of that city.

Workers' Education

NO experiment in adult education has taken hold more promptly and with greater promise than the experiments in workers' education now being conducted in this country. From a movement of practically no significance as recently as five years ago, it has since grown so rapidly that it is a matter of only a few years before every important industrial city in the country will have its own classes. Supported by representatives of almost all schools of thought in the American labor movement, these educational enterprises should become in the course of time the clearing house for labor ideas and platforms which the labor movement in this country has until the present so sadly lacked.

While the majority of the classes are of too recent origin to permit evaluation of their contribution and tendencies, one system which has been in operation for five years is indicative of the marked progress that can be made within a relatively short time. Organized in 1917 on a modest scale, the classes of the International Ladies Garment Workers have already assumed impressive proportions. The announcement of this union for the coming educational season contains a range of topics more extensive and often more pertinent to the problems of the day than that prepared by many university faculties of social science in this country. Already these classes have passed out of the stage of the educational massmeeting into the meeting of small groups prepared for serious and intensive study. Students are equipped with detailed syllabi and reading lists. The classes are more and more becoming centres of general discussion instead of lecture halls. The teaching staff is gradually assuming a permanency which augurs well for the rapid development of an esprit de corps and a common outlook on the educational problems of the school. At the same time sceptics inside and outside of the union, who have come into direct contact with the classes, have quickly become converted to the methods and purposes of the enterprise. Because of their priority in this field and their success, the classes of the Ladies Garment Workers have come to have much more than a local importance. The educational department of their union is now enjoying the responsibilities as well as the benefits of the pioneer. Newly organized groups everywhere through the country are drawing freely on the experience of this organization and are thus able to build their own experiments on a foundation of substantial accomplishment.

It was inevitable that the widespread interest in workers' education should give birth to an attempt to encourage the organization of new classes and to provide a central institution for discussion and planning. The first step in this direction was the national conference on workers' education held in New York in April, 1921. At this conference labor leaders, teachers, students, appeared and presented their views and out of it grew a permanent agency, the Workers' Education Bureau of America. The bureau has now been organized for several months. Its functions are still in the making. But it has already performed valuable service in stimulating the organization of new workers' classes, in making plans for the preparation of simple, interesting and authoritative text-books, in acting as the clearing house for all types of information on workers' education in this and in other countries, and in arranging periodic conferences for the purpose of discussion and stock-taking.

It does not follow from this, however, that standardization in these educational enterprises is anywhere in sight. In fact almost each group

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differs from every other in organization, in the content of its courses, in the point of view from which the subjects are taught, and in its understanding of the purposes of the classes. The old conflict between cultural and utilitarian ends is waged as violently in the workers' colleges as in the orthodox educational institutions of the country. And the balance between the two is variously struck as always, either by chance, or by the demands of the students, or by the peculiar bias of the director. The relation of the classes to the various types of trade union organization also shows a great range of difference. In a few cases the classes are the creation of a single international union; in others the parent body is a central labor union; and in still others there are no formal affiliations of this kind at all. Similarly none of the groups derive their financial support from the same kind of sources. A few are subsidized entirely by a trade union; some are supported by private gifts; others require small fees from students; and in practically all a portion of the expense is borne by the municipality through the offering of special courses in which only members of the workers' classes are eligible for membership. With regard to the purposes of the classes the differences that exist may still be said to be due to confusion and uncertainty. Whether the conception of a class struggle should be accepted or not; whether the American Federation of Labor should be discussed in a spirit of hostility or of sympathy, are issues which cannot be intelligently settled until they have been more carefully thought through. Until this is done, therefore, procedure in the classes will differ and apparent conflict in ideals and goals will arise.

Because these differences in method and in opinion exist, it is a wholesome sign that workers' education is at the same time being undertaken under auspices other than those of the trade unions themselves. Only in the past year four interesting undertakings in workers' education have been launched. Two have already had the experience of a season's operation and the other two are about to start. In the fall of 1920 Amherst College opened classes for workmen in Springfield and Holyoke. Last summer Bryn Mawr conducted its summer classes for working women. This fall there will be opened a resident college for trade unionists at Katonah and classes for workmen at the Labor Temple in New York City. The Amherst and Bryn Mawr classes represent the first formal affiliation of the American college with labor education. The success of these colleges in enlisting students, the manner in which they treat contemporary problems involved in popular prejudice and discussion, and the character of the support which they receive from their administrations will in a few years go far to determine the availability of the American college for workers' education.

It is still too early to make predictions or even to detect tendencies within the movement towards workers' education in this country. Its sponsors have so far been cautious and not unmindful of difficulties and dangers. In those few instances where the problems have appeared most clearly, the leaders in the experiment have not hesitated to protest against dogma and bias. And in the discussion of controversial social issues, where previously abstract and unreal propositions had sufficed, these same leaders have insisted on a scientific presentation of realities.

Have We No Critics?

IN Mr. H. L. Mencken's efforts to stir the animals up he has rarely succeeded so completely as with his recent disparaging remarks concerning Henry James. In the course of an article in the Nation Mr. Mencken, filled with zeal for righteousness as usual, gave it as his grave and considered opinion that Henry James was preoccupied with the "furious study of the wings of butterflies: that there were also jackasses, hyenas, codfish, Congressmen, lice, cobras, and scorpions in the world apparently never occurred to him."

As Mr. Mencken had doubtless hoped, knowing so well this world's enormous and unimpaired pugnacity, his words had an instantly irritating effect on the admirers of Henry James. One of these excellent Jacobites, Mr. Conrad Aiken of Boston, has not waited long to denounce Mr. Mencken's abhorrent words. In an article in the London Mercury he confesses at first to "the blankest astonishment"—a little as if a gas-main had blown up under his innocent and somewhat tender feet. Then, collecting his feet and his wits, he exclaims: "To see James as nothing but a biologist obsessed with a furious study of the wings of butterflies is to see him not at all. To indict him for artificiality and superficiality is to betray a total, a blinding lack of understanding. If it were necessary to refute so absurd a notion one could do so out of the very earliest and most immature work of James . . ."

Sparing us the earliest and most immature James, Mr. Aiken passes from the impious Mencken to the great, sore, buzzing, fly-blown monster of American philistinism. "What we encounter here," in Mr. Mencken, "is not merely a disastrous

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ignorance of the whole 'idea' of James: it is, more importantly, a light on a critical attitude, common in America, toward the novel." That common attitude is, he confesses for us, the confusion of "the social value of the work of art with its aesthetic value. Mr. Mencken, when he expresses his annoyance with Henry James for his 'furious study of the wings of butterflies' means by implication, of course, that he wants the diagnostic novel."

This, it may be said in passing, is a cruel misunderstanding. Mr. Mencken's preferences are vociferously anti-diagnostic, as his love of Joseph Conrad, his praise of Cabell and Hergesheimer, proclaim. But this trifling fact does not impede Mr. Aiken. Everything serves for him "to emphasize somewhat hideously the naïve bewilderment of our critics." And then, putting his head in Mother England's lap, he blurts out the painful truth: "We have no critics, no criticism." But he takes heart. "As we have worried along in the past without criticism (except that of Poe and James) we shall probably worry along in the future, and have, none the less, now and again a Whitman, a Hawthorne, a Poe, a Melville, a James. We isolate, we exile our great men, whether by ignoring them or by praising them stupidly. And perhaps this isolation we offer them is our greatest gift."

It sounds almost unbearable, this negligent America, but we wonder if the present day is quite as bad as it sounds. Take Mr. Conrad Aiken's hero Poe, for example. Who, in the good old days, echoed that same colonial cry, "we have no critics, no criticism"? We fear it was the estimable James himself. While he was still Henry James Jr., at any rate, he found for Poe's performance as a critic that ugly word "provincialism" which is apparently the lowest word in the Jacobite vocabulary:

> There was but little literary criticism in the United States at the time Hawthorne's earlier works were published; but among the reviewers Edgar Poe perhaps held the scales the highest. He at any rate rattled them loudest, and pretended, more than any one else, to conduct the weighing-process on scientific principles. Very remarkable was this process of Edgar Poe's, and very extraordinary were his principles; but he had the advantage of being a man of genius, and his intelligence was frequently great. His collection of critical sketches of the American writers flourishing in what M. Taine would call his milieu and moment, is very curious and interesting reading, and it has one quality which ought to keep it from ever being completely forgotten. It is probably the most complete and exquisite specimen of *provincialism* ever prepared for the edification of men. Poe's judgments are pretentious, spiteful, vulgar; but they contain a great deal of sense and discrimination as well, and here and there, sometimes at frequent intervals, we find a phrase of happy insight imbedded in a patch of the most fatuous pedantry.

This is a nice problem for Mr. Aiken. If Poe was a great critic and James was a great critic, which is a great critic here? Was James right to pick at Poe in this manner? Was he right to speak of Poe's "very valueless verses"? Was he right to say that "an enthusiasm for Poe is the mark of a decidedly primitive stage of reflection"? These, we submit, are questions for the enthusiastic Mr. Aiken's private bosom. And when he has worried out a solution as between Poe and James he should find another tangled problem in Henry James's contemptuous early criticism of Walt Whitman.

That James should have gone so wrong on Poe and Whitman is not, in the nature of things, extraordinary. It was the fashion of colonials then, as it is now, to apologize for American literature abroad, to meet the charge of provincialism more than half way, to be a little masochistic. Not until France and England took a mandate for Poe and Whitman did they become reputable for the timid aesthete in America.

We do not wish that Mr. Aiken had kept to himself his grief and anger at Mr. Mencken's emulation of Arnold Bennett in the brash criticism of James, nor do we wish he had denied himself the luxury of describing to the London Mercury the plane of hopeless provincialism and moralistic fatuousness on which America is floundering so ungracefully. He believes these things, forgetting his own critical labors, and he has quite properly exercized the privilege of confiding his belief to just the audience which is likely to agree with him. But during these confessions of our disastrous ignorance about the "idea" of James, our naïve bewilderment, etc., we should have liked some hint from Mr. Aiken that he knew how old this game of depreciation is. It strikes us, incidentally, as having an exquisite provincialism of its own.

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY ALVIN JOHNSON
FRANCIS HACKETT ROBERT MORSS LOVETT
PHILIP LITTELL

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Federalism in China

THE newcomer in China in observing and judging events usually makes the mistake of attaching too much significance to current happenings. Occurrences take place which in the western world would portend important changes—and nothing important results. It is not easy to loosen the habit of years; and so the visitor assumes that an event which is striking to the point of sensationalism must surely be part of a train of events having a definite trend; some deep-laid plan must be behind it. It takes a degree of intellectual patience added to time and experience to make one realize that even when there is a rhythm in events the tempo is so retarded that one must wait a long time to judge what is really going on. Most political events are like daily changes in the weather, fluctuations back and forth which may seriously affect individuals but which taken one by one tell little about the movement of the seasons. Even the occurrences which are due to human intention are usually sporadic and casual, and the observer errs by reading into them too much plot, too comprehensive a scheme, too far-sighted a plan. The aim behind the event is likely to be only some immediate advantage, some direct increase of power, the overthrow of a rival, the grasping at greater wealth by an isolated act, without any consecutive or systematic looking ahead.

Foreigners are not the only ones who have erred, however, in judging the Chinese political situation of the last few years. Beginning two years ago, one heard experienced Chinese with political affiliations saying that it was impossible for things to go on as they were for more than three months longer. Some decisive change must occur. Yet outwardly the situation has remained much the same not only for three months but for two years, the exception being the overthrow of the Anfu faction a year ago. And this occurrence hardly marked a definite turn in events, as it was, to a considerable extent, only a shifting of power from the hands of one set of tuchuns to another set. Nevertheless at the risk of becoming a victim of the fallacy which I have been setting forth, I will hazard the remark that the last few months *have* revealed a definite and enduring trend—that through the diurnal fluctuations of the strife for personal power and wealth a seasonal political change in society is now showing itself. Certain lines of cleavage seem to show themselves, so that through the welter of striking, picturesque, sensational but meaningless events, a definite pattern is revealed.

This pattern is indicated by the title of this article—a movement toward the development of a federal form of government. In calling the movement one toward federalism, there is, however, more of a jump into the remote future than circumstances justify. It would be more accurate, as well as more modest, to say that there is a well defined and seemingly permanent trend toward provincial autonomy and local self-government accompanied by a hope and a vague plan that in the future the more or less independent units will recombine into the United or Federated States of China. Some who look far into the future anticipate three stages; the first being the completion of the present secessionist movement; the second the formation of northern and southern confederations respectively; the third a reunion into a single state.

To go into the detailed evidence for the existence of a definite and lasting movement of this sort would presume too much on the reader's knowledge of Chinese geography and his acquaintance with specific recent events. I shall confine myself to quite general features of the situation. The first feature is the new phase which has been assumed by the long historic antagonism of the north and the south. Roughly speaking, the revolution which established the republic and overthrew the Manchus represented a victory for the south. But the transformation during the last five years of the nominal republic into a corrupt oligarchy of satraps or military governors or feudal lords has represented a victory for the north. It is a significant fact, symbolically at least, that the most powerful remaining tuchun or military governor in China—in some respects the only powerful one who has survived the vicissitudes of the last few years—namely Chang Tso Lin, is the uncrowned king of the three Manchurian provinces. The so-called civil war of the north and south is not, however, to be understood as a conflict of republicanism located in the south and militarism in the north. Such a notion is directly contrary to facts. The "civil war" till six or eight months ago was mainly a conflict of military governors and factions, part of that struggle for personal power and wealth which has been going on all over China.

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But recently events have taken a different course. In four of the southern provinces, tuchuns who seemed all powerful have toppled over, and the provinces have proclaimed or tacitly assumed their independence of both the Peking and the former military Canton governments—the province in which Canton is situated being one of the four. I happened to be in Hunan, the first of the southerly provinces to get comparative independence, last fall, not long after the overthrow of the vicious despot who had ruled the province with the aid of northern troops. For a week a series of meetings were held in Changsha, the capital of the province. The burden of every speech was "Hunan for the Hunanese." The slogan embodies the spirit of two powers each aiming at becoming the central authority; it is a conflict of the principle of provincial autonomy, represented by the politically more mature south, with that of militaristic centralization, represented by Peking.

As I write, in early September, the immediate issue is obscured by the fight which Wu Pei Fu is waging with the Hunanese who with nominal independence are in aim and interest allied with the south. If, as is likely, Wu Pei Fu wins, he may take one of two courses. He may use his added power to turn against Chang Tso Lin and the northern militarists which will bring him into virtual alliance with the southerners and establish him as the antagonist of the federal principle. This is the course which his earlier record would call for. Or he may yield to the usual official lust for power and money and try once more the Yuan Shi Kai policy of military centralization with himself as head, after trying out conclusions with Chang Tso Lin as his rival. This is the course which the past record of military leaders indicates. But even if Wu Pei Fu follows precedent and goes bad, he will only hasten his own final end. This is not prophecy. It is only a statement of what has uniformly happened in China just at the moment a military leader seemed to have complete power in his grasp. In other words, a victory for Wu Pei Fu may either accelerate or may retard the development of provincial autonomy according to the course he pursues. It cannot permanently prevent or deflect it.

The basic factor that makes one sure that this trend toward local autonomy is a reality and not merely one of those meaningless shiftings of power which confuse the observer, is that it is in accord with Chinese temperament, tradition and circumstance. Feudalism is past and gone two thousand years ago, and at no period since has China possessed a working centralized government. The absolute empires which have come and gone in the last two millenniums existed by virtue of non-interference and a religious aura. The latter can never be restored; and every episode of the republic demonstrates that China with its vast and diversified territories, its population of between three hundred and fifty and four hundred million, its multitude of languages and lack of communications, its enormous local attachments sanctified by the family system and ancestral worship, cannot be managed from a single and remote centre. China rests upon a network of local and voluntary associations cemented by custom. This fact has given it its unparallelled stability and its power to progress even under the disturbed political conditions of the past ten years. I sometimes think that Americans with their own traditional contempt for politics and their spontaneous reliance upon self-help and local organization are the only ones who are naturally fitted to understand China's course. The Japanese with their ingrained reliance upon the state have continually misjudged and misacted. The British understand better than we do the significance of local self-government; but they are misled by their reverence for politics so that they cannot readily find or see government when it does not take political form.

It is not too much to say that one great cause for the overthrow of the Manchus was the fact that because of the pressure of international relations they attempted to force, especially in fiscal matters, a centralization upon the provinces wholly foreign to the spirit of the people. This created hostility where before there had been indifference. China may possibly not emerge from her troubles a unified nation, any more than a much smaller and less populous Europe emerged from the breakup of the Holy Roman Empire, a single state. Indeed one often wonders, not that China is divided, but that she is not much more broken up than she is. But one thing is certain. Whatever progress China finally succeeds in making will come from a variety of local centres, not from Peking or Canton. It will be effected by means of associations and organizations which even though they assume a political form are not primarily political in nature.

Criticisms are passed, especially by foreigners, upon the present trend of events. The criticisms are more than plausible. It is evident that the present weakness of China is due to her divided condition. Hence it is natural to argue that the present movement being one of secession and general disintegration will increase the weakness of the country. It is also evident that many of

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China's troubles are due to the absence of any efficient administrative system; it is reasonable to argue that China cannot get even railways and universal education without a strong and stable central government. There is no doubt about the facts. It is not surprising that many friends of China deeply deplore the present tendency while some regard it as the final accomplishment of the long predicted breakup of China. But remedies for China's ills based upon ignoring history, psychology and actual conditions are so utopian that it is not worth while to argue whether or not they are theoretically desirable. The remedy of China's troubles by a strong, centralized government is on a par with curing disease by the expulsion of a devil. The evil is real, but since it is real it cannot be dealt with by trying a method which implies its non-existence. If the devil is really there, he will not be exorcized by a formula. If the trouble is internal, not due to an external demon, the disease can be cured only by using the factors of health and vigor which the patient already possesses. And in China while these factors of recuperation and growth are numerous, they all exist in connection with local organizations and voluntary associations. The increasing volume of the cry that the "tuchuns must go" comes from the provincial and local interests which have been insulted and violated by a nominally centralized but actually chaotic situation. After this negative work is completed, the constructive rebuilding of China can proceed only by utilizing local interests and abilities. In China the movement will be the opposite of that which occurred in Japan. It will be from the periphery to the centre.

Another objection to the present tendency has force especially from the foreign standpoint. As already stated, the efforts of the Manchu dynasty in its latter days to enhance central power were due to international pressure. Foreign nations treated Peking as if it were a capital like London, Paris or Berlin, and in its efforts to meet foreign demands it had to try to become such a centre. The result was disaster. But foreign nations still want to have a single centre which may be held responsible. And subconsciously, if not consciously, this desire is responsible for much of the objection of foreign nationals to the local autonomy movement. They well know that it is going to take a long time to realize the ideal of federation, and meantime where and what is to be the agency responsible for diplomatic relations, the enforcing of indemnities and the securing of concessions?

In one respect the secessionist tendency is dangerous to China herself as well as inconvenient to the powers. It will readily stimulate the desire and ability of foreign nations to interfere in China's domestic affairs. There will be many centres at which to carry on intrigues and from which to get concessions instead of one or two. There is also danger that one foreign nation may line up with one group of provinces, and another foreign nation with another group, so that international friction will increase. Even now some Japanese sources and even such an independent liberal paper as Robert Young's Japan Chronicle are starting or reporting the rumor that the Cantonese experiment is supported by subsidies supplied by American capitalists in the hope of economic concessions. The rumor was invented for a sinister purpose and is persisted in through jealousy. But it illustrates the sort of situation that may come into existence if there are several political centres in China, and one foreign nation backs one and another nation, another.

The danger is real enough. But it cannot be dealt with by attempting the impossible—namely checking the movement toward local autonomy, even though disintegration may temporarily accompany it. The danger only emphasizes the fundamental fact of the whole Chinese situation; that its essence is time. The evils and troubles of China are real enough, and there is no blinking the fact that they are largely of her own making, due to corruption, inefficiency and absence of popular education. But no one who knows the common people doubts that they will win through if they are given time. And in the concrete this means that they be left alone to work out their own destiny. There will doubtless be proposals at the Pacific Conference to place China under some kind of international tutelage. This article and the events connected with the tendency which it reports will be cited as showing this need. Some of the schemes will spring from motives that are hostile to China. Some will be benevolently conceived in a desire to save China from herself and shorten her period of chaos and confusion. But the hope of the world's peace, as well as of China's freedom, lies in adhering to a policy of Hands Off. Give China a chance. Give her time. The danger lies in being in a hurry, in impatience, possibly in the desire of America to show that we are a power in international affairs and that we too have a positive foreign policy. And a benevolent policy of supporting China from without, instead of promoting her aspirations from within, may in the end do China about as much harm as a policy conceived in malevolence.

JOHN DEWEY.

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A Certain Rich Man

DANIEL WEBSTER played a sorry trick on all Secretaries of the Treasury. He had to make a speech in 1831 about Alexander Hamilton. In the accepted phrase, he spoke in part as follows:

"Hamilton smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit and it sprang upon its feet."

The fat was in the fire. Webster was a man of authority and the report of what he said got about. It got into McGuffey's Fifth Reader and Hill's Rhetoric and the book from which we used to take our pieces to speak on Friday afternoons. In my book it was on the page after the piece that John Spear used to speak that begins:

> By Nebo's lonely mountain
> On this side Jordan's wave
> In a vale in the land of Moab—

But the picture of Alexander Hamilton smiting the rock of the national resources and torrents of revenue gushing forth is one that I have carried in my mind since I was thirteen years old. It interested me. I remembered it. And I am not the only one. That is what made the trouble.

It seemed so easy. From that day to this there have been associations, individuals, corporations, partnerships, societies, clubs, what not, all animated with the single resolve of inducing the Secretary of the Treasury to smite the rock of the public resources while they stood by with pails to catch the abundant streams of revenue that gushed forth. "Look," they have cried, "see what Hamilton did. Why can't you be a great secretary such as he was? Be a patriot and give the rock a good crack for us." Some of these men are in Congress, others are merely citizens on foot and taxpayers. They appear to have only the vaguest idea of where the money comes from; there is plenty in the Treasury.

At this juncture it is given to Mr. Andrew W. Mellon, of Pittsburgh, Pa., to explain to all these persons who have been led astray by Daniel Webster, that money does not grow on trees. Francis Hackett has a new story about two Irishmen:

"What's Michael doing now?" one Irishman asked another at a wayside inn.

"Sure, he's gone to work for the Irish Agricultural Organization Society."

"Go to God! What does the like of him know about agriculture?"

"Well, he's after picking up this job with the Beekeepers' Association. I think that's what he called it."

"And what is he doing with them, the poor fellow?"

"Sure, he's going up and down Ireland with a stallion bee."

Ever since he came to the Treasury Mr. Mellon has been explaining to Congress, to the bankers, and to the public that the government has no stallion dollar; that it doesn't breed money; that it has no way of getting money except by taking it from the earnings of those of us who have gainful occupations. Mr. Mellon may have a stallion dollar or two working for him somewhere, for he is fabulously rich. He knows about money. He respects it. He doesn't like to see it chucked about. He hadn't been in the Treasury a week before he was writing like this in a circular letter to bankers: ". . . the situation calls for the utmost economy. The Nation cannot afford extravagance. . . . The people generally must become more interested in saving the Government's money than in spending it. . . ."

At the end of April he was writing to the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House: "The Nation cannot continue to spend at this shocking rate. . . . The burden is unbearable. This is no time for extravagance or for entering upon new fields of expenditure. The Nation cannot afford wasteful or reckless expenditure. . . . Expenditures should not even be permitted to continue at the present rate." Mr. Mellon was very much in earnest, and when he talks about money it behooves all and sundry to stop, look and listen, for money is his specialty. He has spent his whole life in amassing and multiplying and guarding it. He is supposed to be runner-up to John D. in the Open Money-Getting Championship, but of that I know nothing. I am asking you to consider him with me now in his new and public aspect as Secretary of the Treasury, and to regard his fabulous wealth only as a background.

It may very well turn out that Mr. Mellon will have the largest opportunity and the most onerous and responsible public service of any of the men Mr. Harding invited to Washington to share under his direction in the conduct of national affairs. For the next half dozen years, and

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probably for a longer period, the government finances will need all the skill, all the intelligence, and all the vision that can be commanded. The Treasury, as one of the results of the war, finds itself in a novel position. It has commitments and engagements and relations at home and abroad that it has not faced before. It is prudent and fitting to inquire and report about Mr. Mellon. He is the newest of newcomers in public life. What sort is he? The data at this juncture are incomplete but enough are at hand to allow for a provisional estimate and impression.

At first sight he gives no slight indication of his proved qualities. He looks like a tired double-entry bookkeeper who is afraid of losing his job. He gives the instant impression of being worn and tired, tired, tired. He is slight and frail. He sits in a chair utterly relaxed. He wears dark, sober clothes, a black tie, his coat always buttoned, and in these days when even the offices boys sport silk, his socks are black cotton lisle and not pulled up as sharply as they might be. I don't mean to give the impression that he isn't neat in his attire; on the contrary, he complies so closely and rigidly to the standards of a well dressed man that it requires a distinct effort of attention and memory to remember anything about his personal appearance.

Sometimes in his office he smokes small black paper cigarettes. When they go out he relights them and smokes them right down to the end. Not an eighth of an inch is wasted. He doesn't smoke lightly, casually, unconsciously, but precisely, carefully, consciously, as a man computing interest on $87.76 for two months and eight days at 4¾ per cent per annum.

Mr. Mellon looks as if he didn't know what fun was, and I don't believe he does. Unless I am much mistaken, the job of being Secretary of the Treasury weighs on him; oppresses him. I think he takes all business seriously, as seriously as some of these men, who are as intent as trained bird dogs on their game, take golf. He is acutely conscious of all he has to do. He does not take it easily. Apparently he has handled other people's money so long that it has made him superconscientious. Perhaps it is only natural for a man who has so much money to regard its management and control with so much gravity and concern.

I should say that Mr. Mellon was not an outgiving person. When he shakes hands he only gives you the tips of his fingers. He is so quiet, so reticent, so reserved as to give the impression of being almost inarticulate. This effect is heightened by his subdued manner and his hesitant and seemingly diffident manner of speech. But he can't be timid. No man can live the competitive life he has lived in Pittsburgh and what the railroad people call the Ohio river gateways and be timid. But he is diffident and has an odd little hesitation in his speech, and loves the quiet ways.

Thanks to the foresight and forethought of one of Mr. Mellon's predecessors in the Treasury who was also a quiet man, his office has a private entrance and exit. He can come into it and leave it by a private elevator without being seen. When he goes to Cabinet meetings he has only to come down in his own elevator to the street level and nip across the narrow roadway between the Treasury and the White House. He is not in the open a minute before he can dart in the east portico, then he has only to follow the long passage through the east extension under the main house and through the west extension or wing past the latticed enclosures where the White House laundry hangs to the back porch of the executive offices. Through the open doorway, and he steps almost straight into the Cabinet room, which is hidden by a screen. In the entire journey he is only in exposed or open territory during the brief minute in which he crosses the street. For the rest of it he is in his own or administration communication trenches.

I remember his first Cabinet meeting. All the correspondents were waiting in the ante-rooms and passages of the executive offices to see Mr. Harding after Cabinet meeting. When the meeting broke, Mr. Mellon came out with the others and ran into the crowd. He plainly didn't know what to make of it. He didn't know what it was all about. He had never seen such a gathering outside of any directors' meeting he had ever attended. He didn't know any of the correspondents. None of them knew him. The other Cabinet men were greeted and surrounded by little knots of men. Mr. Mellon looked as if he wanted to slip away—and he did. He isn't used to reporters or any method or channel or form of publicity. He is not a public man. He is as private as a toothbrush. He is without any sort of public experience.

From what one hears, he is just as uncommunicative in the Cabinet room as he is outside. Mr. Harding, who is as friendly as an Elk, I suspect, finds some difficulty in establishing a close contact with his Secretary of the Treasury. I think I am right in saying that he had never seen Mr. Mellon until he invited him, at Mr. Knox's suggestion, to come to Marion. I have heard only one story about him in the Cabinet room.

It appears that one day the Cabinet had un-

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der discussion what should be done with one of the great war industries plants. The immediate problem was whether twelve or fifteen millions should be spent in putting it in condition or whether it should be abandoned and salvaged. One after another of the men around the table gave his judgment and opinion. Mr. Mellon sat quiet. Presently the President, at the head of the table, turned toward him and said:

"But we haven't heard from the Secretary of the Treasury. What does he think about this proposal? I should like to have his views."

Mr. Mellon was hesitant. Then he spoke up in his low, quiet, dry voice. The matter was not exactly in his department; he had not given the problem any study; he was not familiar with all the conditions and the full situation; it was a question of some importance; he did not wish to be understood as giving his final opinion unless he had opportunity to go into the whole matter more fully, but he thought he could indicate possibly what his final judgment might be, if allowed to tell what he had done in a somewhat similar and personal case. He owned a war plant that stood him about fifteen or sixteen millions and just the other day the question had come up whether to spend that much more money on it or to wipe it off. "I told 'em to scrap it," concluded Mr. Mellon.

"Well, sir," said the man who was telling the story, "the discussion in the Cabinet ended right there. The Cabinet felt that if Mr. Mellon could afford to scrap his plant the United States government could afford to follow the same course. When the Secretary of the Treasury does participate in a discussion he usually nails it down."

Mr. Mellon will take care of our money. That is what he has done all his life. It is a tiring job and takes its toll of a man. You know even on the most casual contact that he is cautious and careful and prudent and wary beyond all words. He gives away oodles and heaps of his own money. His benefactions and charities run into immense sums, but you somehow know that he never wasted a dime. He is acquisitive. He knows how to manage, conserve and breed money. I suspect that most of his dollars are stallion dollars and earn their keep. He is a developer and a builder. He has an oil business nearly as big as the Standard's. He is possibly the chief figure in the steel car business. He brought the aluminum industry in this country to its present pitch.

I do not choose to make the absurd statement at this late day that he is an exceptionally able man, though you might never suspect it at the first or even second or third meeting. If he is anything of an economist or statesman, if he has a wide vision, and understanding, in addition to his capacity for acquisition, and his qualities as a financier and banker, then he too may become a great Secretary of the Treasury like Alexander Hamilton and cause abundant streams of revenue to gush forth. If he does, the Republican party will never forget him. Streams of revenue are its whole present quest.

EDWARD G. LOWRY.

Dante As A Moral Teacher

EXCEPT for those who believe that they can enjoy a poem without knowing what it means, the first requisite of an honest and intelligent discussion of Dante should be a frank recognition of the fundamental difference between his view of the world and that which is distinctively modern. Dante lives in a closed world, limited in time and space, and authoritatively mapped out for all time by Aristotle and the Christian Fathers. Man — meaning Christendom inhabiting the Mediterranean basin—is the centre of this universe. Around man's abode all the stars revolve in eternal and perfect circles. The plan of this universe is so well revealed that there are not and there cannot be in it vistas of essentially new truth or of new possibilities of achievement. It is a world in which the beginnings of human history are not lost in the dim past nor is its future particularly perplexing. The number of generations from Adam to Christ is definitely known and the number of generations from Christ to the final day of judgment is also limited. Heaven and hell have a strictly limited capacity. The mystic rose of heaven was half filled by the Hebrew saints who lived before Christ, and it would be relatively easy to figure out the maximum number that hell can possibly contain after the resurrection when the sinners' earthly bodies will all be located there.

This aspect of Dante's fundamental belief is not popular today. His expositors and commentators try to avoid it by two suggestions, first, that Dante does not mean to be taken literally, and second, that Dante's moral and spiritual ideas are independent of his view of the physical universe. Both of these suggestions are flagrantly false.

That Dante meant to be understood in an al-

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legoric *as well as in a literal sense,* his dedicatory letter to Can Grande, and passages in the Inferno, in the Purgatory, and in the Convito explicitly affirm. When commentators then go on to assert that the punishments of the inferno represent only the mental condition of the sinners in the act of sinning, they are grossly unfair to Dante and to his readers. To say that Dante did not believe in the actual and eternal post-mortem suffering of the damned is to accuse him unjustly of heresy and wilful preaching of what the church had expressly condemned; but, worse yet, it makes nonsense of the references to creation, the day of judgment, the resurrection, and other ideas which are the warp and woof of the whole Divine Comedy. It is doubtless true that many of the punishments in the inferno may be viewed as symbolizing the inner state of the sinner. This is clear in the case of the hypocrites who drag themselves around in heavy armor gilded on the outside but leaden inside. It is even more subtly true in his picture of illicit love—Paolo and Francesca locked in each other's arms and driven by the wind of passion in a sunless air deprived of all other human ties which enrich true love. But it is absurd to pretend that the punishment of heretics like Farinata or schismatics like Mohammed describes *their* state of mind. In the case of Capaneus we are explicitly told that though his continuing to defy Jove would be in itself sufficient punishment, he nevertheless receives also the outer punishment meted out to the violent. The fact is that all the punishments in Dante's Inferno, though seldom devoid of a certain horrible appropriateness, are essentially vindictive in their nature. Retributive punishment is the essential of mediaeval justice, just as the law and duty of vengeance was an essential part of its code of honor. God's honor, like that of the mediaeval knight or more primitive Corsican, would be tarnished if he did not take vengeance against those who wilfully or unwilfully insulted him, and the mediaeval view of law and justice required that the magnitude of one's vengeance should be commensurate with one's power.

Similarly does a careful reading of Dante reveal the absurdity of the frequent suggestion that we can reject the mediaeval view of nature and yet keep the moral and spiritual ideas based upon it. Dante's very distinction between the morally higher and lower is bound up with his geocentric astronomy. That Dante's moral views cannot be ours is obvious when we reflect that he places in hell not only innocent children, but noble characters like Plato, Socrates and Farinata, while high in heaven are placed an oppressive and polygamous despot like Solomon, a simpleton like Adam, and a savagely-persecuting bishop of dubious morality like Folquo. But perhaps the most instructive case is that of Ulysses, who would be condemned to hell by Dante not only for his stratagem at Troy, but also for inducing others to join him in his "eagerness to win experience of the world" and to venture beyond the geographic limits set for mankind, viz. the Strait of Gibraltar. In Dante's perfectly created world there is no need for intellectual exploration or moral adventure. The whole of necessary wisdom has been revealed and the rightly diligent can acquire it. We who live in a limitless world not especially created for us, where conditions are changing and the future most uncertain, must seek new wisdom, not only as to the physical world, but as to man's nature, possibilities and tasks; and the mediaeval morality of fixed order and obedience to authority must become a subordinate part of the morality of changing or growing life.

To those whose vision of the world has been widened as a result of modern exploration and science, Dante's morality is essentially negative. His supreme good, the beatific vision of the "Love that moves the stars" is generally unattainable in this life and comes only to a chosen few as a matter of grace. It has little sympathy with the earthly joys and sorrows which fill our life here. Though called Love, hell is forever in the centre of it. The inquisition, or the burning of heretics, is its true earthly symbol as Spanish Catholics, like Unamuno, insist to this day. To the great multitude it offers no positive plan of life beyond "Fear God and avoid Evil (or sin)."

It is doubtless true that the dangers which surround human life are so many that without the pre-rational organic fear which makes us shrink from the familiar we should all soon perish. But without the spirit of daring and adventure this fear would paralyze all life. Hence wherever life is expanding, the morality of fear with its eternal prohibitions or taboos is actually disregarded.

This explains why Dante's political theory is so utterly barren. He has no conception of the multitudinous forces within the community that intelligent direction can harmonize into a brighter and fuller life. Order, according to him, must be imposed by an emperor from without. The silly and pedantic arguments by which Dante tries, on the basis of childish myths in Livy and Virgil, to prove that this emperor can be no other than the Holy Roman Emperor, then represented by a Hohenstaufen, is not merely indicative of his times. It is also indicative of Dante's complete other-worldliness and lack of any civic and political vision.

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Despite their atrocious factionalism, the growing cities of Italy showed wisdom in rejecting these claims of the Empire; for in the oriental despotism of Frederick II they had a visible example of what imperial order and authority actually brought.

It was not only in politics that Dante, like other prophets, was behind the day and generation that he denounced. His scholastic learning made him totally blind to the significant movements of his own times, to the growing industry and commerce, to the opening up of intercourse with other peoples, of which his older contemporary and countryman, Marco Polo, was such a notable representative. This is important if we remember that the merchant adventurers, like the early Greek merchants, were but the pioneers of the navigators, explorers, great scientific investigators and mechanical inventors who followed them.

The widening of our view of the world by science is intimately connected with a change of emotional attitude to sin and punishment. In Dante's time it was possible to view all nature as following harmonious, eternal laws against which man and the devil were the only rebels. Modern biologic study, however, leads us to think of man's actions as in general due to causes or circumstances similar to those which influence other organisms; and the maladaptations which disfigure human life and render it so tragic are but extensions of the maladaptations of which all organic life is full. The earthquakes and plagues, which sweep away plants and animals as well as human beings, are just as natural as the paths of the stars, which we now know to be neither perfect circles nor eternal, but subject to the unpredictable flux of generation and decay which has been called cosmic weather. Hence we are not afraid today to admit greater kinship and sympathy with purely animal life and suffering.

The conviction is certainly widespread today, that great and important as are our differences in disposition and achievement, we are all of the same human clay, subject to the same instinctive impulses and weaknesses or diseases of the flesh. Certainly the idea that some men are all perfect and deserve eternal blessedness, while others are all wickedness and deserve eternal damnation, cannot be justified in the forum of enlightened human experience. If sanctification, crucifixion and resurrection are to have any meanings in that forum, they must refer to something which all of us undergo in diverse ways in our daily toil. The ease with which, in moments of complacency, or when judgment is beclouded by resentment, we attribute the brutish passions and inhuman frauds of others to an unnatural prompting of the devil, cannot maintain itself after honest knowledge and sober judgment. We become more grave when knowledge and imagination enable us to realize somewhat what would have happened to us if we had been similarly circumstanced.

There are those who with light and irresponsible rhetoric berate our times as too soft and sentimental because we do not insist on sufficient severity in our punishments, or because we regard some crimes as diseases. But actual history shows the frightful futility of the unutterable cruelty that was formerly meted out indiscriminately to the criminal, the insane, and the sick—all suspected of being inspired or possessed by devils. We may be sure that reaction against this wasteful cruelty has not as yet gone far enough. But it is encouraging to hear the words of a kindly Dominican Father: "My Faith requires me to believe in the existence of Hell, but not that anyone is there." This may not express the dominant attitude of his church, but it certainly represents a marked modern tendency. At any rate, few nowadays can read with enjoyment the horrible punishment meted out in Dante's Inferno to a thoroughly honest, gifted, and devoted soul like Piero delle Vigne because in his high-mindedness he could not bear to live amid undeserved disgrace and cruel suffering. The whole idea that God created men and women knowing that they will sin and thus subject themselves to eternal torture is odious today; and when Dante says that hell was founded by Eternal Love we feel that the cruelty of his life and the violence of his times poisoned his conception of love as well as deprived him of an indispensable support for moral sanity, to wit—the gift of laughter. The idea of an eternity of suffering is horrible enough, but to glorify it and call it, as Dante does, "supreme wisdom and primal love" makes us ashamed of the human nature that is capable of entertaining such horrible perversity and disloyalty to our natural sympathy.

This rejection of Dante's claim as a moral teacher, like the rejection of exaggerated claims for the magnitude of his learning, does not deny his obvious greatness as a poet—though Dante himself and the men of his generation down to Petrarch emphatically subordinated his poetry to his moral philosophy. Dante undoubtedly manifests to a supreme degree the distinctive gifts of the poet, heightened imaginative vision and divine music of language. In his workmanship, too, he shows both intense titanic energy and a perfection of form that is classic and definitive. But this is clearly due not to his mediaeval views but to the passionate vitality and intensity of his nature. Doubtless the acceptance of any philosophy or

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"ordered scheme of things entire," gives a certain integrated unity to the material of the poet's experience and makes for profound simplicity and dignity on a truly grand scale. But we must not exaggerate the consistency of the mediaeval world view or of Dante's representation of it. Omitting the hardly successful reconciliation of the dogmas of free-will, grace, and predestination, we may note that in the passages which in modern times are taken as typical of Dante at his best, e. g. the incident of Paolo and Francesca or Ugolino, Dante distinctly breaks through his mediaeval faith and generously draws our pity, though such pity according to his own assertion shows lack of faith in the justice of God's judgment on the wicked. Dante also rises above his mediaeval faith by endowing some of his sinners with superb human dignity. Thus the picture of Farinata holding all hell in contempt, of the indefeasible nobility of Brunetto Latini and Aldobrandi, or of the heroic appeal of Ulysses, is hardly consistent with the orthodox hatred of the sinner. It is rather typical of the dawning renaissance of which Dante, despite his mediaeval creed, may be regarded as a glorious example. The naïve way in which his pride of ancestry and of poetic achievement breaks through his pious humility is most instructive in this respect.

Moreover, though the modern liberal cannot without self-stultification accept Dante's mediaeval faith, he cannot afford to ignore its wonderful strength. Through long and dark ages, it preserved—even if it cramped—the essentials of humanity within its hard and forbidding shell. While the morality of order, authority, and repression cannot be for us the supreme law, it will always continue to represent an essential part of the truth. No great achievement is possible without the renunciation and self-mastery which is the result of long and arduous training. This is perhaps the first lesson that the young and unenlightened have to learn, though the bondage of authority, alas, often leaves men too weak for the life of freedom. Then, too, we must reckon with the unripe wisdom of modern moralists who emphasize the struggle, "upward and onward," but have not the courage to accept frankly the natural goals of enjoyment and the satisfaction of the heart's desire. Discouraged by such an outlook, men naturally abandon the struggle and prefer to live in a closed, unventilated, mediaeval world. "Lead Thou me on, I do not ask to see" is the expression of a profoundly natural human weakness. We may be sure, therefore, that Dante will long continue to be a favorite of those who value above all the passive virtues of submission. In all respects, indeed, he is the poet of order and measure. Despite the strain on the limits of good taste in some of the horrors of the Inferno and expressions of personal rancor in the highest heaven, Dante is par excellence the poet of civilized life, courtliness and polished manners. He has a real contempt for the ways of uncultivated country folk and cares not for the wild and rugged in nature any more than for the untamed desires of the human heart. Like other city-bred men he has an eye only for the peaceful in nature. The turbulence of wind, rain and snow, the evanescent play of clouds, the surge of the sea, and the massive grandeur of woods and mountains do not solicit him as much as the formal gardening of flowers and the steady play of light. He is not even intrigued by the white marble hills of Carrara.

Though Dante's poetry will thus for ages continue to be among humanity's most cherished possessions, his negative and other-worldly morality will continue to make the Divine Comedy more alien to the modern spirit than the more distant but more human world of Homer. The peace and order which we demand of modern morality and ultimately of modern poetry—the two cannot be forever sharply separated—are the peace and order which nourish an ever growing harmonious human life on this earth, which, despite its limited possibilities, supplies the material for the heart's desire.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

The Sex of the Inferiority Complex

IS the Inferiority Complex (one feels somehow that these things ought to be written in capitals) masculine or feminine? That is mostly masculine or mostly feminine—for Inferiority Complexes like Projections, Identifications, and Suppressed Desires in the form of libidos stalking the world for objects of fixation like unto their maternal or paternal ancestor, are blessings which on the whole know no sex. They add variety and zest to the dull and stupid existence of all self-centred personalities.

At least such existences would be dull, unbearably dull, and probably no less stupid, without these exhilarating influences, and in their distribution it seems as though providence had tried to be impartial. The chances are it failed, so perversive are the unconscious influences of sex of the best of conscious intentions. The chances are, and evidence seems to favor the side of chance, that even

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in this matter of inferiority complex the men are to the good, and that Miss Martin who has written so feelingly upon the subject is pretty nearly all wrong. Not of course in her main grievance, which any fair minded observer must admit, but in the injustice she does the inferiority complex and women.

The mistake is natural enough to misinterpret the nature and function of the "complex," and so get the notion that to possess, or better to be possessed by, any complex is in the nature of the thing an unmixed evil. Such is not the case. A complex may prove a distinct asset in many situations; it may provide a very good and useable imitation where the real qualities would fail; and backed by a gift for self-assertion and aggression, as is frequently the case, a lusty complex may afford a quick and sure means to popular leadership and political success. And if the psycho-analysts are sound in their psychology, it would seem that the universal endowment of the male sex with inferiority complexes turned into means of defence against the felt-to-be superior female, has been the chief asset of men in getting and keeping for themselves the social powers and prerogatives they enjoy.

This use of defence does some violence to its original meaning in Freudian psychopathology, since technically the special function of the "defence" is to reinforce the possessor thereof against what are felt to be his own shortcomings, most often in way of native equipment. The term is applied first of all to the set of ideas and corresponding mode of action, which arise in self-compensation for the inner sense of weakness. But the practical results are the same; hence the tremendous, apparently instinctive, feeling of inferiority which men have evinced throughout the ages by their insistent claims of superiority, must have been accompanied by a corresponding instinctive feeling that somehow women were superior. Their defence has been not only against what would otherwise have constituted a corroding sense of sex-inferiority, but quite definitely and aggressively against the feared superior. It has done double duty of bolstering up their spirit, and of providing the means of staking off and protecting their claims. This would explain both the extraordinary range and insistent character of these superiority protests and the violence with which men have always resisted the attempts of women to enter into their reservations. They seem to have been in the grip of an instinctive fear of being put into a position where they would have to compete on equal terms.

In all this no assumption is being made concerning the actual relative capacities and abilities of men and women. No aspersions are intended, and as far as the present writer can see none is necessarily involved. What we are concerned with is the part that the inferiority complex may have had in creating the notion that men are by nature a superior mental product to women, and in securing to them exclusively the social values which give them so great an advantage over women. The position taken here is that the prevalence of that notion with its practical assets, is due, more than to any other one thing, to the persistent and vociferous claim of men that they are superior; and that back of this protest giving it origin and an enormous emotional vigor, there must have lurked low in the consciousness of primitive man, a humiliating sense of sex inferiority. And again granting the soundness of the psycho-analytic school, it must appear that in the possession of this inherent sense of sex inferiority intimately tied up with their whole emotional life and compensated for by aggressive protests of sex superiority which they have been instant to defend with strength of word and deed, men have had a winning advantage over women in all situations involving practical external values or prestige. As a sex they have been possessed by inferiority complexes of the most aggressive and virulent sort, with unlimited profit to themselves in way of sex aggrandizement and in the "practical world of affairs," but it may be with an attendant loss of spiritual development that might go far in explaining the failure of civilization to get us anywhere much in way of human happiness. Through the superiority claims of men backed up by the power to make it exceedingly uncomfortable for any woman who objected, the world has been subjected in perpetuity to a boss rule, very little different psychologically from that exerted by the typical political boss who sways the destinies not only of the rank and file of his party, but of men vastly his superior in every respect except an inordinate craving for power and the determination to put it over.

Of course this explains neither the basis for the feeling of sex inferiority in men, nor why women in general have acquiesced in their claims. The latter is explicable enough in view of the well established psychological law that the mind accepts anything that is sufficiently repeated. Add to this a sure punishment for disbelief and the wonder is that women have ever had the courage to question openly. Women have believed that men were superior because they claimed to be, claimed it persistently, vehemently when necessary, and collectively—and could prove their claims in very convincing ways. The quite matter of fact accept-

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ance of this claim by the great mass of women throughout history has none of the symptoms of the complex. There is no evidence of its having had any great bearing upon their inner emotional life, as a deep seated sense of personal inferiority always has. The stupid have accepted without question, and the more intelligent have usually played the game and smiled. Certainly women as a class have not been able to get very excited over masculine claims to superiority. The attitude of most women still is much the same. Probably the majority of women even in such countries as England and America, still believe in male superiority in a vague sort of way at least, because they have been taught it, while among those who are pretty well disillusioned on this score many have the feeling that women need to have training before they can do as well as men in politics. But this is due to ignorance of how poorly political work is ordinarily carried on, not to the possession of inferiority complexes.

There is another factor to be reckoned with, and probably a very considerable one at the present time when it comes to women's casting their votes, and that is the fact that most women do feel more or less clearly that women have enough to do; enough care and responsibility consequent upon the bearing of children; and sufficient inner satisfaction attendant upon motherhood; so that they are honestly glad to have men assume the responsibility for public affairs and enjoy the satisfaction they so frankly derive from it. This attitude may be wise or not, there is something to be said on both sides, but it undoubtedly exists, and in its biological substratum lies much of the explanation of most women's serenity over men's "superiority," and of the inherent need men have shown of having something to feel superior about. Further explanation is found in Adler's theory of the organic basis of the inferiority complex.

According to this theory the "masculine protest" (a term better chosen than its author seems to realize) originates in a profound sense of inherent weakness; it is characterized by excessive claims to just those powers or virtues in which the lack is felt; and it is always manifested by strong emotion if these claims are questioned. Adler finds the basis for the inferiority feeling in some organic deficiency, which may be clearly apprehended or merely vaguely felt. The latter, of course, must have been the case in the development of the inferiority complex in man. But childbirth and the peculiar advantage it gave to women in the social order, and over the man himself, must have made the profoundest possible impression upon his developing consciousness—an impression at once awe-inspiring and self-debasing to his primitive egoistic soul. He was utterly, organically, out of it in this most dramatic of racial events, and it constituted a lack so vital as to shape his whole sexual-social outlook. Something of the feeling which must have worked unconsciously upon the mind of primitive man and shaped its development, persists in the conscious sense of comparative sexual inconsequence which men of the finest nature experience during the birth of their children. There is no adequate part for the man, no essential place even at this most momentous time, and the sensitive man feels it. But he finds social and spiritual compensation in care for the mother and child. The same thing shows on a lower level when the newly made father goes out and gets drunk, ostensibly to "celebrate," in reality to restore the disturbed equilibrium of his masculine importance. Getting drunk is the form of compensation his more primitive nature seeks, and it does its work admirably, leaving never a shadow of doubt to harrow his sweet sense of the supremacy of the male in the order of nature.

From the sense of sex inferiority generated in the mind of primitive man through his inferior sexual functions, there arose in compensation an all-embracing protest of sex superiority—a protest that in time made him not only the head of the state and the sole owner of property, but the head of the household as well, the sole legal parent of the child, and in certain stages of biology, the sole progenitor of the race. By this last delectable claim man reached his high water mark of sex superiority and women became incubators.

All this has more than an academic interest. It explains the psychological foundation of the persistent unwillingness of men to let women enter into the benefits of social life freely, of the otherwise inexplicable cruelty that men have practised toward women who failed to submit readily to their rule, and the peculiar fear that men have always seemed to have that women will somehow get the better of them if once given a fair field. It takes these disconcerting facts of history and every day life out of the realm of cold fact and malicious intent where women who read history seriously are prone to put them, and gives them a place among the instinctive reactions of defence whereby half of the race has justified its existence both to itself and to the other half. Incidentally it has probably provided an important and perhaps even necessary incentive to progress, and had an enormous influence in turning the naturally more lazy and indolent sex into an army of comparative-

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ly trained and serious workers. This is no small accomplishment.

But it seems as though the superiority protest, the real "masculine protest" of Adler, had done its best work, that with the advancement of science with its present outlook, human progress will best be conserved by the cooperative development of men and women together freely. And certain it is that if the male assumption of dominance has ever had any part in creating genuine happiness in the more intimate relations of the sexes with each other, it has fully outlived its usefulness. To recognize this and squarely to face the problem of education whereby men can be brought to meet women with dignity and grace without the special subsidy of sex superiority, is quite a different thing. It is something however to locate the problem.

F. I. Davenport.

Jokhan Singh: An Indian Peasant

I WELL remember our first meeting. We had been trying to introduce the Cooperative Credit Bank to a nearby Indian village that held and deserved a reputation for the absence of brotherly love and the presence of neighborly wrangling. We had argued, cajoled and commanded, as is the way of Sahibs in the East, but without avail: our clients remained courteous and unconvinced. Ultimately, to relieve our depression, they said "Wait till Jokhan Singh returns, he will answer for us." He had gone on a journey and was expected home soon.

So one day he came, heading a sheepish deputation of his fellow villagers and looking very important. We returned his dignified salaam with the acquired grace of a dozen years in the country and invited him to a chair—an action that duly impressed his following. Dressed in the "hoddin' gray" of his kind and wearing with apparent ease the burden of full seventy summers, he presented a brave appearance. As he belonged to the Warrior caste the unmistakable pride of birth marked his bearing; he was strongly built and his natural force seemed unabated, unless perhaps in the matter of teeth which showed some notable omissions; his eyes were shrewd but kindly, and one of them held an incipient wink that was truly grateful and refreshing; he handled his "band of hope" with an ease that indicated leadership and there was about him the glamor of personality. Not by accident had Jokhan Singh become the spokesman of his village.

"Let us discuss the business," he said; and we discussed while the audience listened, chuckled and expectorated. "Will Your Honour join the Bank and share our liability?" he asked, and on receiving a reply in the affirmative he gave decision. "This is a good thing, we will join."

Thus it came about that a Cooperative Bank came to the village of Chittauni and with it an economic door of hope opened for Jokhan Singh. Like many another cultivator in old Bihar he was in bondage to a money lender to whom he owed five hundred odd rupees and in whom the quality of mercy was certainly strained. The liquidation of this debt was a triumph for cooperation and diplomacy. Shylock's figure—in India the money lender keeps the score himself—was a shifting quantity and the interest calculations were beyond our comprehension. However, by the help of a substantial loan from the Cooperative Bank, an offering of two bullocks, the winning over of some influential underlings and the subtle suggestion of this or nothing, the business was carried through, and Jokhan Singh returned happy and glorious to his village, secure in the possession of a full discharge from the debt that had harassed him for a decade. From that day he became an evangelist of cooperative credit and did more than any man of our acquaintance to carry the light to other villages.

Bank business brought him often to the bungalow and we built an altar of friendship together. To sit in a chair on the verandah to him was heaven, and it led to the realm of dreams; but when business had to be done he was seldom caught napping. Chittauni to this day laughs at the way he vanquished the smart young Indian teacher who acted as secretary of the Cooperative Bank. It fell on this wise: Jokhan Singh's account among others was being adjusted and the secretary had worked out the amount of interest that had to be paid. The old warrior questioned the item, and, with a comprehensive wink that included everybody but the cocksure young secretary, affirmed that the statement represented an overcharge of five cents. The sum had to be worked out again by the Sahib himself, and judgment went to the complainant. Then he said: "Though I can neither read nor write I can count, and during the last fifty years no one has ever got the better of me in money matters." So Jokhan Singh triumphed, and to this day the story is told with relish round many a village fire.

The committee of a cooperative bank is now to a large extent the village council where matters of local moment come up for discussion and disposal. Here Jokhan Singh's sagacity and knowl-

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edge of affairs have elbow room and under his treatment many a knotty problem vanishes into thin air. In these village parliaments we light on a fact that gives happy augury for the future of India: the village leaders when matters that fall within their ken come up for consideration act with discretion and good judgment. All they need is political education to enable them to deal with matters of national concern. Political power in India, now largely the heritage of a small educated class, must ultimately pass over to village Jokhan Singhs; but the prospect need not disturb us. The peasants will play the game, whatever the politicians do.

Jokhan Singh often gives himself up to reminiscence and then he holds us as the Ancient Mariner held the Wedding Guest. The vanished glory of his family which once held pride of place in the village, the rise of a baser branch of the class to opulence and power, the many law suits from which he has emerged victorious, battles long ago with European planters, landlords and officials over grazing rights, boundary lines, fishing monopolies, rights of way and disputed obligations—he was ever the champion of the popular cause and the current discontents of the community found expression in this village Hampden—these themes stir his soul with conflicting emotions and move him to eloquence. We saw much of our friend in the great days when Mahatma Gandhi visited the district and turned the blaze of public opinion on an agrarian situation that time and circumstance had rendered impossible. Jokhan Singh proved a devoted and discerning disciple. He saw with his old, expressive eyes the dawn of that better agrarian day towards which he had struggled so long. It was from his lips we heard this fine tribute to India's wonderful son—"God sends but one Mahatma Gandhi in a thousand years: we shall not see his like again."

The war was a frequent source of discussion. With that fine disregard for second causes, characteristic of the seer, he resolved the whole thing into a drama wherein God and Satan strove for the mastery. He never doubted the ultimate triumph of the British Raj—the Allies hardly counted with him—and he accounted for the long drawn-out struggle by the explanation that God's displeasure rested on the world because of unrighteousness. The Kaiser and all his crew he gladly and unreservedly consigned to the abyss. On Armistice Day he sang God Save the King with us and acknowledged with gratitude the will of Heaven. In his own way he expressed the noble sentiment of Kipling's Recessional.

There came a day when Jokhan Singh was stricken down with a grievous sickness and we were called in to see him. His home was a humble mud-walled habitation, innocent of furniture, and he lay on an old stringed cot with a solitary blanket for a covering. He was evidently very ill; the power of speech had gone and he struggled for breath, but recognition lighted up his eye and a movement of his hand bade me welcome. Words were futile; but we stayed by in silent sympathy and prayer while the old warrior, taking fresh courage from our presence, maintained his stout defence against the ever oncoming enemy. We left him at nightfall hardly expecting to see him again; but our fears were liars, and within a week he was up and about again. His recovery he frankly attributed to the mercy of Heaven and the visit of the Padri Sahib.

We saw him again in the grip of a great calamity. Fire ravaged his village and destroyed his homestead. We fought the flames with him and marvelled at his forbearance. Never a curse escaped his lips although he had a million gods to choose from. "This is the will of God," was all he said, and next day he started to rebuild. In fact, he planned a bigger house and borrowed accordingly from the Cooperative Bank!

A loyal Rajput, Jokhan Singh held the person of the King Emperor in highest reverence; but by the same token he distrusted the King's ministers. "They darken counsel," was his conviction, and one of his favorite parables was the story of the ancient worthy who when given a boon asked that he might have sole access to the King's ear for half an hour each morning. "If the King but knew, all our wrongs would soon be righted," was the refrain of many a lamentation. He had thin faith in politicians and an uncanny belief in the "ulterior motive." This made him distinctly sceptical about the chances of home rule. "Indians don't trust Indians," was his sweeping indictment; but he admitted that things might improve. His views on idealism would have delighted the soul of Colonel George Harvey!

Jokhan Singh meets our attempts at evangelization with amiable condescension. Hinduism, most tolerant of religious systems, claims him, and he invokes whatever God may be handy. When controversy turns against him he falls back on some sonorous Sanscrit stanza that neither he nor we understand. This, however, is the creed he avows: "God is one, but his manifestations are many: whom you call Christ we call Ram; there are many ferries across the river of death and many roads to Calcutta; we will all win through at last, meanwhile we are friends." We leave it at that, grateful to the kindly providence that knit to our soul the unconquerable soul of Jokhan Singh.

J. Z. Hodge.

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A COMMUNICATION

The Spirit of Lawlessness

SIR: I always read the New Republic with interest, because I am so rarely in accord with its reasoning or spirit, for I find that those with whom I disagree are more stimulating than those with whom I agree. I therefore read with much interest your comment in your issue of September 14th on my address to the American Bar Association. In reply kindly allow me a few words.

You were hardly fair in stating that I approved of the mob rule of the fascisti. On the contrary, I mentioned their activities as a current evidence of the spirit of lawlessness, which I was condemning. I did not justify them, although I regarded them in a more favorable light than the anarchists whom they were suppressing. The fascisti were attempting to restore law and order while the Bolshevists were seeking to bring about social chaos. The justification of the former, if any, for taking the law into their own hands depends upon the power of the Italian government itself to restore order. Upon that question of fact, having no knowledge, I expressed no opinion.

Referring to my attack upon the oppression of the individual by "mass morality," you state that "we remember Mr. Beck as one of the most ardent supporters of the latter,"—the "latter" being "mass morality." I wish you had been more specific. I have no recollection that I ever supported mass morality, in the sense that I assume you employ the term. If, by "mass morality," you mean the morality of the state, do you question its power and right within constitutional limitations to impose the reign of law? Unless there is to be anarchy, the state, within the limitations of the Constitution, must have power to impose its morality upon its citizens. That is what law means. Happily, this power in our form of government is not unrestrained; and when I said that the Constitution defended the integrity of the human soul, I meant that it protected the individual—even though he be an Athanasius contra mundum—from any unjustifiable invasion of his liberty, even by the state. I cannot recall a single instance where in any other sense I defended the power of the mass—even though the mass be a majority—to oppress the individual; and I respectfully submit that this comment of the New Republic is inaccurate and unjust.

The point of my address was that the inevitable tendency of most labor-saving machinery is to lessen the love of work. The more that man depends upon the machine, the less his disposition to cultivate his own strength and initiative,—and this is true of all classes.

It amuses me to reflect that the New Republic takes me to task for a line of thought into which I was led by an admirable article which appeared in the New Republic about a year ago. It led me to think more deeply than I had ever done before as to the effect upon the character of man of this ever-increasing dependence upon the machine to work for him. I then reread Samuel Butler's Erewhon, which had previously impressed me as only an amusing satire, and found that, in the two chapters on the machines, Butler was not merely joking, but was stating a profound truth, in which he had been anticipated to some extent by Carlyle and Ruskin.

The New Republic suggests that the shorter the hours of labor, the more time the average man gives to healthful physical and mental exercise,—*but does he?* Of course, reasonable limitations of working hours are justified. My concern is with the effect of the machine upon the spirit of man and therefore the use of the free hours. The New Republic has clearly missed the point of my argument.

In delivering my address, I illustrated my meaning by extemporaneously interpolating a reference to the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. I said half jocosely that if the ninety thousand spectators, who journeyed to Jersey City to witness this degrading exhibition, had divided themselves into forty-five thousand pairs and themselves indulged in boxing, it might have been commendable in exercising and therefore developing their physical faculties. My objection to that pugilistic epic, which was glorified in the columns of the New Republic—God save the mark!—was that some ninety thousand people of all classes, including five thousand women, who graced the occasion but hardly themselves, journeyed there to see which of two young men could first punch the other into insensibility,—and this is only typical of the times.

If, after the hours of work, men themselves played baseball, it would be admirable in developing the physical power of the race; but, instead, millions crowd into baseball parks and moving picture palaces. The draft during the war showed the consequent physical deterioration of our race.

In my Cincinnati address, I simply suggested,—without any pretense to an adequate discussion,—a great question. It was this:

Has the increase in the potential of physical power, through labor-saving machinery, resulted in a corresponding increase in the potential of human character?

I know of no greater question than that, and I should have assumed that the New Republic, which devotes its columns to the greater questions and eschews petty politics, would have welcomed the earnestness of the inquiry, even though it did not agree with some of my tentative conclusions. On the contrary, you find fault with me and depreciate the address because, as you say, I did not discuss or draw a moral from the Salsedo and Mooney cases.

I may frankly say that I do not even know what the Salsedo case is, and as to the Mooney case, I know little more than that it was tried before a jury, and the sufficiency of the verdict was reviewed not merely by the Trial Judge but also by the highest Court of California, and then by the Governor of the state of California in considering the question of executive clemency. Having practised law for thirty-seven years, I have learned how futile it is for a man, through newspaper reports, to pass

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judgment upon the result of a trial where the disputed issues were those of fact. A statement of facts may be very convincing in print, but one glance at the man who makes the statement gives you an immediate and generally a very accurate impression whether he is telling the truth or not. Not having had the advantage of attending the Mooney trial, or listening to the story of the witnesses, and not having the omniscience of the New Republic, I confess my inability to sit in judgment on a result in which twelve jurymen, a trial Judge, a Supreme Court and a Governor of a state alike concurred. Assuming, however, that the New Republic knows more about the merits of the Mooney case than all these officials put together, it yet remains that it had no real relation to the very serious question which I was discussing and, therefore, the criticism of the New Republic that my address must be regarded as a lost opportunity, simply because I did not refer to the Salsedo and Mooney cases, seems to me rather narrow.

I agree with much of your comment, and there is nothing in my address which seems to me to conflict with it. Indeed, I should have thought that its main theme would have appealed to the New Republic; for, however much I may disagree with many of its views on international politics, its great objective is the improvement of the world. I especially agree with what you say as to the unwholesome restraint of the right of free opinion and free speech during the World War. A case has recently been called to my attention in which it seems to me the espionage laws have been grossly perverted to convict a man on a chance expression to an intimate friend. The man was convicted and I presume is now in prison; but if I were called upon to make any recommendation to the pardoning power, I should have no hesitation in recommending his immediate pardon.

JAMES M. BECK.

Washington, D. C.

[The New Republic welcomes this courteous rejoinder from Mr. Beck. As our inference that Mr. Beck approved of the fascisti was wrong, we apologize. We took the phrase "mass morality" from Mr. Beck and assumed that he recognized that such morality frequently expressed itself in legislation and judicial procedure, when it becomes the "morality of the state." We leave to the willing pens of numerous correspondents the task of enlightening the Solicitor General of the United States in regard to the Salsedo and Mooney cases. We also are amused and flattered that Mr. Beck should have been tempted into this line of thought by an article in the New Republic.—THE EDITORS.]

CORRESPONDENCE

[The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest, and especially concerning articles which have appeared in its columns. Those of 300 words or less are necessarily more available for publication than longer letters.]

Politics in Porto Rico

SIR: Having for the past five years spent several months of each year in the island, I was interested in the communication of Mr. L. R. Johnson in your issue of August 31st, headed A Missouri Kaiser in Porto Rico. Perhaps if Mr. Johnson were familiar with conditions in Porto Rico he might have regarded the matter in a different light than that of a critic of a fellow Missourian. It strikes me as somewhat incongruous that the New Republic, a mouthpiece of liberalism, should appear to be disposed to champion the cause of the element in the island which stands distinctively for conservatism, privilege, and rule by the "governing classes." That is what the Unionist party particularly is: the party of the great landed interests, its ascendancy due to the influence of its caciques over the peasantry who, mostly illiterate and abysmally ignorant, have no idea of what issues really may be at stake, voting as their leaders tell them to. The party appears to have made "independencia" an issue, "an ultimate ideal," not from any conviction, but simply as a vote-catching device: an appeal to popular prejudice. It would be strange indeed if 1,300,000 American citizens, enjoying all the prerogatives of that status on a parity with any of their compariots of the continent, should be cast adrift and left to shift for themselves, working unspeakable mischief, simply to gratify an unreasoning whim. Speaking in private many of the most influential of the Unionists declare that independence is a preposterous notion; were it impending they would desert the island. Politicians are everywhere the same: primarily out for patronage and the emoluments of office, if not for graft. Evidently the line taken by the new Governor is to deny them all prospects of the offices they are after and which they have hitherto enjoyed, so long as they insist upon maintaining a disloyal attitude. Porto Rico has prospered immensely under American rule; after four centuries of Spanish tyranny they have enjoyed all possible liberty. It would take a political microscope to detect any trace of a real grievance to justify a demand for a change of status.

As to the Governor's declaration against the proposition for an insular flag, it is evidently due to the fact that the design proposed, "the one-star flag," is the device originated as a banner of independence by a native Spaniard, the late José de Diego, in his propaganda. Various American commonwealths—Massachusetts for instance—have their state flags; there is apparently no good reason why any territorial entity should not have its flag. But had South Carolina adopted the flag of the Confederacy on returning to the Union it would hardly have been acceptable.

As to English, it is desirable that the island should be bilingual. English could never supersede Spanish. But if the Governor actually did say: "There shall be no language but English in the primary schools," he will doubtless change his mind after more familiarity with the situation. English is the basis of instruction in the upper grades of the public schools, but it could not possibly be in the primary grade.

The main consideration is the advancement of the people in intelligence and well being. Anything that does not promote that is detrimental. "Liberty" in this instance simply means liberty of the politicians to have their own way.

Boston, Massachusetts. SYLVESTER BAXTER.

[The New Republic printed Mr. Johnson's letter without comment.—THE EDITORS.]

SIR: I saw the editorial in your paper in which you attack our new Governor Reily for what he said about teaching English. You are wrong, very wrong, and misquote him. He is a good governor and we unionists also indorse him.

PEDRO RODRIGEZ.

San Juan, Porto Rico.

[The statement which appeared in the New Republic for August 31st that Governor Reily declared that only English should be taught in the primary schools was based on a news-

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paper report of his inaugural address and is not borne out by the official version, (printed in English and Spanish), according to which Governor Reily hopes to see "the language of Washington, Lincoln and Harding taught equally with Spanish in our Public Schools."—THE EDITORS.]

In the Name of Reason

SIR: "To the historian of the future," says Robert Morss Lovett, in reviewing in the New Republic, September 14th, Hobson's Problems of a New World, "one of the most incredible facts (sic) about the war will be its surprise." Later, he attributes the outbreak of the war to "the futility of reason to ward off evils which it can foresee"; later, he ventures the hope that this futile reason may prove competent to prevent another war. He closes his review with a benevolent gesture of hope for the future that he draws from the magnanimous conceptions of "a better world" offered us by J. A. Hobson and others,—which is only another way of expressing faith in the adequacy of that reason which he has already declared to be futile. Here is confusion of thought indeed, and even worse.

First, then, on a question of fact. Mr. Lovett is quite incorrect in thinking that the war came as a surprise, unless, of course, he means that it came as a surprise to America. That would undoubtedly be true, since the American mind appears to insist upon being surprised at everything upon every possible occasion. Naturally, therefore, when the nations, having armed to the teeth for the sole purpose of making war on each other, proceeded to battle, the American opened eyes filled with child-like wonder and burbled surprise. Apart from the American phenomenon, however, the war was no surprise to any reasonably well informed man. The fact that America still regards it with wide-open eyes of surprise is in itself a very simple explanation of a very great deal.

Now with regard to "the futility of reason to ward off evils which it can foresee." Of course reason is futile in this sense, since it can do nothing in itself, its function being to perceive the causal relations of things and to direct the appropriate action. So reason in relation to the war was quite adequate in showing its probability, and, as has been said above, very abundantly did so. Those of us who did not want war failed to prevent it, not because our reason was futile, but because the means available to prevent it were inadequate.

Again, Mr. Lovett says that before 1914 "the intellect of the world was, as regards such matters, in an infant department of a Sunday School." I do not think, however, that Mr. Lovett can show in what important particular the war has added to the world's stock of knowledge of the causes and effects of war. We had all the necessary information long before 1914.

It comes to this—that contemporary America is not in a state of mind, and lacks the mental equipment, to understand and handle the major problems confronting us. I suggest that Mr. Lovett's whole attitude is at fault. It is the attitude of too many intelligent people before the war, and the war has not changed it. Mr. Lovett, I suspect, does not regard the question of war and peace as any of his personal business. It is a matter not a whit more personal to him than is the Theory of Relativity. In witness, see wherein he finds "our chief ground of hope" in these things—in other people's magnanimous conceptions.

JOHN EVERETT.

New York City.

[That the war came as a surprise to the European public, and even to public men who were fully cognizant of the preparations for it, is a matter of rather common testimony. It is at all events the view taken by Mr. Hobson. There is no incompatibility between admitting the impotence of reason to direct action in the past, and the hope that it may acquire sufficient authority to do so in the future. If in one sense the war has added little to the world's stock of knowledge of the causes and effects of war, it has resulted in an enormous diffusion of such knowledge, in which education Mr. Hobson's book plays an important part. Finally Mr. Everett must take my word for it that my feeling of personal responsibility for war has entirely changed since 1917. I sympathize with his view of my limitations, and assure him that I wish I could have written Mr. Hobson's book, instead of merely writing about it.—R. M. L.]

Placing Responsibility

SIR: An editorial note in your issue of September 21st contains the following statement:

"The causes of the Russian famine may be given in the order of their importance as (1) the drouth, (2) the economic policy of the Soviet government, (3) the intervention by invasion or counter-revolution."

Is it really possible to draw a definite line of demarcation between the two last causes? Many of the worst aspects of the Soviet government's economic policy must certainly be considered emergency war measures, rendered necessary by the series of unprovoked attacks launched against Russia by the Allied powers.

Probably no governmental policy has reacted as unfavorably upon agricultural production as the system of requisitioning the peasant's crops, above the needs of himself and his family, giving comparatively small quantities of manufactured goods in return. Yet what else could have been done? The army and the cities had to be fed. The factories, crippled by the blockade and by the exigencies of war production, could turn out only a fraction of the peasants' needs. Under these circumstances any government, feudal, capitalist or communist, would have been compelled, in sheer self-preservation, to resort to requisitions.

In fact it seems difficult to trace any direct connection between the character and actions of the Soviet government and the catastrophe in the Volga Valley. Certainly Bolshevism cannot be held responsible for the appalling drouth. The primitive methods of agriculture and the lack of adequate transportation facilities are a legacy from Tsarism. The railroad crisis has, of course, been enormously accentuated by the blockade and intervention.

The conduct of our own government in permitting "Ambassador" Bakhmetiev to resell millions of dollars worth of railroad material, bought on behalf of the Russian people, for unknown purposes, is a more obvious contributory cause of Russia's present crisis than anything that can justly be charged against the Soviet government.

A. C. FREEMAN.

Free Silence

SIR: For the editor of a "journal of opinion" and a being, it seems, of no small psychological insight to broach (in an editorial on Free Silence) the problem of the validity of thinking is almost exciting. For him to dismiss it whimsically —leaving the behaviorists chasing themselves about the circle validating the invalidity of their validation—is rather too bad.

Suppose now, for the sake of the argument, that the editor had not been exhibiting a language habit when he wrote but had transcended his humanity to cope with truth: what might he have said?

At any rate, that, by thinking, he meant valid thinking. His plaint is that people think invalidly; his guess, that the cause is the habitual nature of thought; and his moral, I suppose, to beware of words. But how to beware?

Well, one may at least recognize that there are a great many different functions for language, all of which are well enough established to be called "legitimate." For example, there is (1) the use of language for *expression* (the oath, the lover's speech), (2) its use as *incentive* (the plea, exhortation), and (3) its use in *description*. It is in connection with (3) only that it is fair to raise the question of validity. To expect the lover or the reformer to keep to the literal dictionary meaning of his words is to expect in vain. On the other hand, the describing scientist, though he lapse again and again into other modes of speech, must expect to have himself unceremoniously hauled back to the descriptive method, which is the nearest substitute for a statement of truth that there is to be had. You see, Sir, though thought be language habits, the stimulus may lie in the natural world, and even habit can lead to some truth if it issues from observed fact. It will not lead to truth otherwise.

Now the pertinent issue, which the editorial mind missed, is the question as to how the editor of a "journal of opinion" fits in here with respect to his language habits. Are his words meant to tell the truth or to promote action? Is his purpose description or incentive? The two aims are not necessarily compatible, and certain differences of opinion that one finds concerning the New Republic are reducible in most cases to an uncertainty as to the mode of speech which it employs. I, in its youth, had a naive belief that the N. R. was out for truth only, that it would be just as pleased to find itself wrong as right in the given case. Since then I have discovered it human:

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it uses all the modes of language; but what its intended essence, what it wants to be, I do not surely know.

EDWIN G. BORING.

Worcester, Massachusetts.

Bernard Shaw, Rebel or Imperialist?

SIR: I have been reading George Bernard Shaw's preface to Back to Methuselah, and trying to understand the vital distinction between Neo-Darwinism and Neo-Lamarckianism, or Creative Evolution. I discover that Shaw sees no hope in education, since "Our schools teach the morality of feudalism corrupted by commercialism, and hold up the military conqueror, the robber baron, and the profiteer, as models of the illustrious and the successful." With delight I hear him say, "Essentially the rulers are all defectives, and there is nothing worse than government by defectives who wield irresistible powers of coercion . . . Those in whom natural enlightenment has reacted against artificial education submit because they are compelled; but they would resist, and finally resist effectively, if they were not cowards."

But at this point the morning papers appear with headlines "Shaw Warns Ireland," and we have the spectacle of his solemn manifesto, launched against those who would carry their resistance to the extreme of defying Lloyd George and the rest of the governing defectives, military conquerors, robber barons, and profiteers. "Lloyd George," Shaw holds, "has at last put himself right with public opinion, both at home and abroad." (Since then the Executive Committee of the A. F. of L. have cabled Lloyd George their unqualified support of the Sinn Fein position.) It irks him that Ireland stubbornly refuses to be good. "In what obscure hermitage has he (de Valera) lived," he inquires, "if he expects Lloyd George to discuss principles, even if there were any principle clearly at stake, which there isn't. For nationality . . . is not a principle, but a dogma, and anti-Catholic dogma at that."

Am I justified in concluding that Shaw the rebel has not succeeded in casting out Shaw the imperialist, burdened with unconscious prejudices against obstreperous Irishmen, and others? In the time of crisis, with one leap he is on the field, rooting for the home team. Even his biological faith cannot save him. And to him Creative Evolution has been literally a faith, heralded as the new religion of the age. He believes, in some remote region of his mind, "the simple fact that the will to do anything can and does, at a certain pitch of intensity, set up by conviction of its necessity, create and organize new tissue to do it with." Now in Ireland there has been a mighty will at work for seven hundred years, urging the people toward independence. This has reached a high pitch of intensity—a sure conviction of necessity—and Shaw's own theory seems to be abundantly justified by the results. Behold the Dail Eireann, nerve-centre of the new tissue organized to carry into effect the national will! And behold Shaw, "rushing down a steep place" with the ease of any Neo-Darwinian, denying the sanctity of the Life Force, in this peculiarly Celtic manifestation.

RUTH R. PEARSON.

Chicago, Illinois.

Always The Best Butter

SIR: Mr. Lowry's article about Senator Lodge (The Very Best Butter) in the New Republic of September 21st, does neither the subject nor the author justice. What is it that Mr. Lowry is really complaining about? That Senator Lodge is not somebody else instead of himself. That he is neither a mere scholar nor a mere politician, but a mixture of the two. That he has not lived up to his opportunities, that he lacks "vision"; etc., etc.

Lodge is a hard subject for the brilliant sketch-makers. He is balanced, dry, clear, intelligent and so smooth that one can't get hold of any projections on his polished surface. He is rational, self-possessed, self-controlled and self-satisfied. People who attempt to sum him up in a few dashing strokes become irritated at his inaptness for that style of portraiture. Some such feeling of irritation betrays itself in Mr. Lowry's article.

Haven't we Americans on the whole too much craving for picturesque, striking, salient characteristics in our public men? Ought we not to cultivate appreciation of the type of man who by fine intelligence, balance, moderation and the talent for compromise, wins his way to leadership and keeps it? And if the caricaturists, pictorial or verbal, can make nothing of that type, why, so much the better.

As for Lodge's concrete accomplishment, his opponents seem to think him responsible for keeping the United States out of the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations and his admirers are willing to admit the responsibility on his behalf. In time to come that may be regarded as something of an achievement.

RICHARD DE WOLF.

Washington, D. C.

The Labor Temple School

SIR: May I have the courtesy of your columns to acquaint your readers with our experiment in workers' education at the Labor Temple School, Fourteenth Street and Second Avenue, New York City? We believe that the workers of America are starving for information, and for lack of information; that the most powerful instrument of modern rule is the control of means for directing ignorance and fostering prejudice; that the progress of the modern mind requires the multiplication of independent educational media for subjects liable to class distortion; above all, that the ambition of the workers to control industry will remain a Utopian dream so long as they fail to equip themselves with technical and directive ability, and the general competence that comes from scientific and cultural instruction.

The Labor Temple School hopes to be one of a rapidly increasing number of centres where working men and women may find access to some of the knowledge indispensable in their search for a better society. These centres need not compete; they may cooperate by tapping hitherto untouched groups of workers, or by specializing in some field of instruction. The course to be given during the first session (October 10th to December 16th) of the Labor Temple School will aim to acquaint the student with the sciences that most directly concern the development and direction of human affairs. The curriculum opens with courses in anatomy and physiology by Dr. Abraham Stone, and in personal hygiene and industrial sanitation by Dr. B. Liber, editor of Rational Living; the confident assumption here is that the first objective of knowledge is health. The present writer will have charge of a class in biology; Mr. Isadore Kallet will teach anthropology; Mr. Spencer Miller, Jr., formerly of Columbia University and now secretary of the Workers' Education Bureau of America, will teach sociology; Professor Alfred Zimmern will conduct a course on Contemporary Europe, the result of first-hand recent inspection; Mr. George Soule, formerly of the New Republic, and one of the directors of the Labor Temple, will take up Economics Studied through Current Events; Mr. Carl Van Doren, literary editor of the Nation, and associate in English at Columbia University, will give a course on American literature; Mr. William J. Perlman will discuss The Drama in the Twentieth Century; and the present writer will give courses in psychology and Greek philosophy. Meanwhile we shall be regaled with weekly concerts of classical music by a string quartet of high repute; we shall have occasional orchestral concerts and glee club recitals; and facilities will be provided for association and recreation.

There is now but one obstacle in our way, and that is the poverty of the workers. We are trying to meet this situation by asking labor unions—especially those that have used the Labor Temple as their meeting-place—to establish scholarships, on Arthur Gleason's plan of dividing the cost of the student's tuition between the student and the union; and by raising a fund from personal contributions, especially monthly pledges, to be applied exclusively to reducing the fees charged to the students, while keeping the modest remuneration of the teachers at its present level. I hope that those of your readers who can afford it will send us something towards this purpose.

A cynic once called it "a common delusion that education is a cure for political ills,"—having in mind, I suppose, the apparent non-transmissibility of acquired characters. But accepting this limitation, we yet have faith in education. It may be the slowest of all cures for political and economic evils, but it is also the quickest. For there is no other cure at all.

WILL DURANT, Director.

New York City.

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VERSE

The Silent Pool

I

I have discovered finally to-day
This house that I have called my own
Is built of straw and clay,
Not, as I thought, of stone.

I wonder who the architect could be,
What builder made it of such stuff;
When it was left to me
The house seemed good enough.

Yet, slowly, as its roof began to sink,
And as its walls began to split,
And I began to think,
Then I suspected it;

But did not clearly know until to-day
That it was only built of straw and clay.

II

Now I will go about on my affairs
As though I had no cares,
Nor ever think at all
How one day soon that house is bound to fall,
So when I'm told the wind has blown it down
I may have something else to call my own.

I have enquired who was the architect,
What builder did erect.
I'm told they did design
Million and million others all like mine,
And argument with all men ends the same:—
It is impossible to fix the blame.

I am so glad that underneath our talk
Our minds together walk.
We argue all the while,
But down below our argument we smile.
We have our houses, but we understand
That our real property is common land.

III

At night we often go
With happy comrades to that real estate,
Where dreams in beauty grow,
And every man enjoys a common fate.

At night in sleep one flows
Below the surface of all argument;
The brain, with all it knows,
Is covered by the waters of content.

But when the dawn appears
Brain rises to the surface with a start,
And, waking, quickly sneers
At the great natural brightness of the heart.

Oh, that a man might choose
To live unconsciously like beast or bird,
And our clear thought not lose
Its beauty when we turn it into word.

IV

Those quarrels in between my brain and heart
(In which I'd take no part)
Pursue their violent course
Corrupting all my vital force
So that my natural property is spent
In fees to keep alive their argument.

V

Look downward in the silent pool:
The weeds cling to the ground they love;
They live so quietly, are so cool;
They do not need to think, or move.

Look down in the unconscious mind:
There everything is quiet too
And deep and cool, and you will find
Calm growth and nothing hard to do,
And nothing that need trouble you.

HAROLD MONRO.

In Umbra

Sunset! The windows of the world are bright
  A moment, and each upturned face is lit
With evening's lovely, evanescent light,
  Splendid and vain, and full of infinite
Unspoken sorrow; while upon us night
  Has come serenely. Who are we to pit
Our little strength against the awful might
  Of that which moves within the orb of it?

There is a darkness that encircles us
  Who wait, unclocked, for dawns that never come,
In which Time dies among the ruinous
  Old sites of cities lost and gods grown dumb;
And over us, who dream upon these things,
There is a constant beating of great wings.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

"Little and Lonely under the Evening Star"

Little and lonely under the evening star—
These are the children of men that are wandering by,
Each with his packet of dreams and sandals of pain
Scarred by revolt and white with the dust of despair;
Gypsies of thorn-marked brows and blood-clotted hair,
All of them fated to dream what is ever vain,
Born unto song and sorrow, and marked to die,
Little as buttercups under the heel of June,
Little as wind-cries under the edge of the moon,
See—through the dusk of an hour they are wandering by,
These with the souls as vast as a God's dreams are—
Little and lonely under the evening star!

GEORGE BRANDON SAUL.

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Mr. Waddington

Mr. Waddington of Wyck, by May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

HERE is a delightful bit of work. With a few touches, indicating Mr. Waddington's noble Roman nose and his fine riding breeches and his air of an honorable English squire, Miss Sinclair has her hero placed firmly for his portrait. In the course of a quite short novel she tells us volumes. The style, beautifully assimilated with the topic, has none of the fall and rapids, the broken vibrations, of Mary Olivier. It is a smooth, quick, amicable style, with comedy rippling under it. It quite suits the direct and certain mood, the serene mood, in which Miss Sinclair presents her unsuspecting masculine egoist.

Most egoists, of course, do not come in the full panoply of egoism. It takes years to know that small, dust-colored men as well as fine, clean-cut, blue-eyed, Arrow collar men are consumed with a sense of their own importance. It isn't always easy to tell whether a spaced personal style is a result of innate dignity and genuine reserve or is the result of a man's being a self-feeding prig. But the datum in Miss Sinclair's novel is just as unmistakeable as in Miss Zona Gale's Lulu Bett. Her male with his Postlethwaite nose, his solemn face, his ponderous, fatuous playfulness, his slightly bulging eyes, his large, handsome fleshiness, his stupidity—he is a County gentleman exposed from the first as possessing a notion of himself entirely at odds with the notion of those all around him. He is noble, he is public spirited, he is thoughtful, he is good. Thus he conceives himself. But as he is observed by those nearest to him—his wife, his son, his former man-secretary and the young girl who is now his secretary—it is pathetically or irritatingly clear that he is self-deceived. When Barbara, the keen-eyed emancipated young thing comes in to the household and is enchanted with Fanny Waddington, she is all ready to see the best in Mr. Waddington of Wyck. And he doesn't fail, he never does, in ceremony or ritual. He doesn't fail in what he thinks considerateness. But gradually—to the resigned perception of the rest—Barbara begins to see Mr. Waddington of Wyck in all his delicate preposterousness.

It is the beauty of Miss Sinclair's exposure that it is not malicious. Knowing that a Mr. Waddington is absorbed in identifying his own interests with righteousness, is absorbed in bolstering his self-insufficiency from outside, is fairly certain to attract parasites. Miss Sinclair is still less engaged in ripping up Mr. Waddington than in showing how even egoists are egoists through reciprocation. She does not like Horatio Bysshe Waddington in his espousal of the National League of Liberty. She shows him wallowing in bunk as a hippo wallows in mud. She does not like him in his portentous authorship of Ramblings through the Cotswolds. She exhibits him in his voluptuous discovery of "bold escarpments" and "ivy-mantled houses resting in the shade of immemorial elms." She is disinterestedly and dreadfully aware of him in his failure to appreciate real people, in his quickness to adopt meretricious people, in his ability to do Waddingtonian things. But the engaging quality of her vision of this idiot is that she rises out of her dislike of him to see him as something with which it is impossible not to be humanly involved.

This does not exclude a most intimate view of him. She exposes him when, as he loses youth, he madly clutches at a romance. It is inside his fattened ego, of course, that the romance takes place. When he sprawls after his parasite Mrs. Levitt, he simply puts himself in the power of a terrific vulgarian; and when, after making himself ridiculous, he is rescued from that blackmailer, it is only to suppose that Barbara loves him and to burst after Barbara in his canary waistcoat. For a man so honorable, so noble, these seem like odd situations, but Mr. Waddington of Wyck is only rescued from the first of them by a general consensus that a Waddington of Wyck simply cannot be sacrificed to a dubious war-widow, and from the second he is only reinstated by his wife's conviction that he *couldn't* be so unsatisfied if she had really loved him.

What remains, however, even after it is seen that he must be endured rather than crushed, is the solid fact that he emerges from each defeat "with an unbroken sense" of his superiority, intellectual and spiritual; and this sense of superiority imposes itself on nearly everyone else. The young Barbara and her fiancé Ralph see clear through him. Yet when his self-illusion seems to be threatened by the vulgar laughter of Mrs. Levitt, Ralph and Barbara are on his side. He gambols absurdly away from Mrs. Levitt. "Mrs. Levitt clutched her sister's arm and clung to it, almost perceptibly reeling, as if she said: 'Hold me up or I shall collapse. It's too much. Too—too—too—too much.' They came on with a peculiarly rolling, helpless walk, rocked by the intolerable explosions of their mirth, dabbing their mouths and eyes with their pocket-handkerchiefs in a tortured struggle for control." That mirthful obscenity saves the egoist as against the Levitts. And his son is on his side as against the local radicals breaking up his meeting, just as Barbara is on his side as against Mrs. Levitt's blackmail and Mrs. Waddington is on his side as against Barbara's final anger. His mother, of course, is always on his side as against everything. Thus the actual stuff of his egoism, his illusion about himself, is protected and sustained by everyone seriously concerned with him on the principle that deprived of his illusion no one sees how he could survive. And so, though the people around him never give him the "seriousness" he demands, he is kept going by their complicity with him in the social scheme of things.

When you think how many of us are engaged in gently blackmailing other people—particularly the young and the dependent—into feeding our ego, it seems highly charitable of Miss Sinclair not to come down too hard on Mr. Waddington of Wyck. But admitting that we are all susceptible to flattery and desirous of being taken seriously and secretly convinced that all roads lead to our Wyck, the fine provocation of Miss Sinclair's study is its impartial exhibition of the zeal which possesses people who are "on" to sustain the very egoism they despise. This squire in a canary waistcoat is the dull descendant of innumerable other squires. And yet, egoistic even as Queen Victoria, he imposes himself. He is what the lawyers call "constructively" unfaithful to his wife. He kicks out a tenant to make room for the loud Mrs. Levitt. He is immensely fatuous about his ramblings and a hopeless cuckoo about the Bolshevists. But he does heavily and oppressively dominate his wife, his dependents, his people. Everyone has a subtle sense that stripped of his conceit this kind of egoist would be as indecent and as miserable as a shorn collie, and although his conceit makes him insufferable he is kept from the truth about himself by a conspiracy equal to that which surrounds—well, the particular dominant egoist in our own circle of whom Miss Sinclair puts us in mind.

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But how well she did this novel. It has, in a way, a park-like simplicity. It has no wildness or underbrush. It is ordered and clear and compact. But to open up so rich a character it was wise to take everything else as settled, and to introduce nothing irrelevant. One detects a sharp comedy about English conservatism that did not appear in The Tree of Heaven. Miss Sinclair is less entangled in contemporary loyalties. But there is an admirable impersonality about this book, even though she explodes the "noble" and "honorable" assumptions of her Gloucester gentleman. I should like, for my malicious part, to see Mrs. Waddington get something of her own back. And when Mr. Waddington was so sick, so successfully sick, I should have enjoyed a cooler attitude all round. But it is part of the provocative skill of this novel to leave to Mr. Waddington's dominance the actual inconsistency of life. Miss Sinclair agrees perfectly that he is what he is. She is unsparing in her disclosure of him. But when Fanny sees him from the window—"he's going back to his mother to be made young again"—we realize that for egoists Miss Sinclair has no moral prescription. She convinces one, though, that to have given him a tragedy would have been to make him more of an egoist then ever.

Such a comedy as this deserves a wide public. It is witty and intelligent in exhibiting Mr. Waddington in his selfishness; but in showing how people strive to keep their tyrants on pedestals it is much more than intelligent. One kind of reader, however, is bound to hate it—the wife who is trying to idealize her Waddington.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

The Case of Korea

The Case of Korea, by Henry Chung. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $3.00.

THE Case of Korea is a text-book of imperialism, the classic example of the deprivation of one people by another of all that gives value to national existence. The book is a terrific arraignment of Japan. It shows her statesmen and soldiers guilty of cruelty and obscenity that puts them lower than beasts. But it is not merely an exposure of Japan. It should be read with shame and contrition by people of every predatory state—the Englishman as he thinks of India and Egypt, the Frenchman as he remembers Madagascar and Syria, the American as he contemplates his present position in Haiti and Santo Domingo. Japan only put in practice in Korea the lessons which she had learned from her western tutors.

The first difficulty between modern Japan and Korea occurred when in 1875 the former tried to force commercial intercourse on the Hermit Nation, in the same fashion as that in which the United States had opened Japan to western civilization by means of Commodore Perry's warships. In 1876 Japan forced Korea to sign a treaty of which the provisions were "in almost every detail precisely similar to those in the treaties which Japan had herself, when ignorant of international law and custom, originally concluded with Western Powers, and which she afterwards so bitterly resented as a stain on her national dignity." This was the entering wedge. The defeat of China by Japan in 1895 opened the way fully for Japanese occupation. In spite of the fact that by the Treaty of Shimonoseki China and Japan both definitely recognized "the full and complete independence and autonomy of Korea," Japan went forward with her plans. In this same year Queen Min, a chief obstacle in the way of the absorption of Korea, was assassinated with suspicion pointing to the Japanese minister Viscount Miura. In 1898 Japan signed with Russia a formal agreement whereby both countries recognized "the sovereignty and entire independence of Korea," and pledged themselves "to abstain from all direct interference in the internal affairs of that country." In 1902 the Anglo-Japanese alliance recognized the independence of Korea; and in 1904 on the eve of attacking Russia, the Emperor of Japan asserted that "the separate existence of Korea is essential to the safety of our realm," and made and signed a protocol again guaranteeing the independence and territorial integrity of Korea, in return for her assistance in the war. Later in the year Korea was compelled to agree to engage financial and diplomatic advisers named by the Japanese. In April, 1905, she was obliged to surrender control of postal, telegraph, and telephone service to Japan. In this year the Treaty of Portsmouth made possible the full realization of Japan's purposes. While the nations looked on, Russia the helpless, America the dupe, and Great Britain the pander, Japan sent Marquis Ito to Seoul with demands upon the Emperor which amounted to establishing a protectorate. The Korean ministers were subjected to third degree methods until three of them signed the treaty. The Emperor and the Premier never gave their consent. From this time on the Korean Emperor was virtually a prisoner in his palace, and his country became a province of Japan. Once more in 1908 with cynical effrontery Marquis Ito asserted that the Japanese had no intention of annexing Korea, but in 1910 such annexation was formally announced to the world.

This story is not unlike the account of the conquest of Hyderabad and the Punjab with Marquis Ito in the rôle of Lord Dalhousie. The only difference is in the fact that the English rape of the native states of India took place in the middle of the last century. The crudest crimes of English imperialism are outlawed by the statute of limitations. But the modern imperialism of Japan casts a light of warning over the path which America is tempted to follow. Possibly it was some premonition of coming events that made the American government withhold from Korea that moral support which it was bound to give. In 1883 a treaty between the United States and Korea provided that "If other powers deal unjustly or oppressively with either Government, the other will exert their good offices, on being informed of the case, to bring about an amicable arrangement." For the United States to take refuge in the plea that it was not "informed of the case" is a brazen subterfuge. An American minister was in Seoul during these events; although the Korean government dared not appeal to him, they did send an embassy to the Hague Conference in 1907. In spite of this treaty the American government was the first to recognize the Japanese annexation and to withdraw its legation from Seoul. It is salutary for Americans, indignant at the violent methods of Japan, to reflect that in the administrations of Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft their own government played the part of dastard.

The initiation of Japanese imperialism was according to the approved model of western nations; in her imperial

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behavior she has rather bettered their instruction. Most of Mr. Chung's book is concerned with the political and judicial oppression by which the Japanese illustrate the doctrine of their racial superiority; the economic exploitation in consequence of which the public debt of Korea has increased from nothing to $52,461,827, and taxes from $3,561,907 in 1905 to $19,849,128 in 1919; the penetration of Japanese immigration fostered by ruthless expropriation of the native inhabitants, who are forced into Manchuria and Mongolia; the personal tyranny which the Japanese exercise in placing stewards in control of the private property of rich Koreans; the intellectual sterilization which results from the exclusion of the Korean language, literature and history from the schools in favor of Japanese propaganda; and the systematic attempt to destroy the people by moral corruption, through the introduction of opium and prostitution. Special interest, however, should be directed to the vivid and documented accounts of the independence movement of 1919, and its ferocious suppression.

After the armistice of 1918 Japan forced the signatures of prominent Koreans to a petition to the Peace Conference, expressing gratitude to Japan for her benevolent rule. The Emperor refused to sign and died January 20, 1919. On the day of his funeral the leaders issued a proclamation of independence, which was accepted by the people with shouts of Mansei. It was perforce a peaceful demonstration, an organization of passive resistance. As the declaration pathetically says: "Our part is to influence the Japanese Government dominated as it is by the old idea of brute force which thinks to run counter to reason and universal law, so that it will change and act honestly and in accord with the principles of right and truth." The movement was not met in anything like this pacifist spirit: on the contrary it was suppressed by a merciless campaign of terror. Korean boys who had shouted Mansei were whipped on successive days until their flesh gangrened and dropped from their bodies. Girls for the same offence were handed over to torture and outrage. The statements which Mr. Chung gives in regard to these cases, supported by the testimony of missionaries, journalists and travellers, will scarcely be controverted. And now the nation lies helpless—bound and gagged; that is the case of Korea.

But the case of Korea becomes the case of Japan. To say that the yellow men are not men but brutes, fiends and devils helps not in the least. The imperial job done by Japan in Korea is not essentially different from that of her teachers. The methods of imperialism, racial domination, economic exploitation, intellectual strangulation can be parallelled in English rule in India. We may think the attack through systematic moral corruption peculiarly Oriental and insidious. But England for the sake of the private fortunes of her citizens has waged war to force a corrupting drug on China; and the United States for the same reason has allowed its wards, the Indians, to be sacrificed to the liquor traffic. It is true, the long drawn out catalogue of tortures on civilians seems impressive, but no Japanese terrorist has shot down hundreds of unarmed Koreans in cold blood, as did Dyer of Amritsar, or was specially rewarded by his appreciative countrymen with a gift of $100,000. The record of flogging is perhaps no worse than the suppressed story of atrocities committed by United States soldiers in the Philippines, of which we have had recently a reminder in the behavior of the marines in Haiti, or by the French in Madagascar. Thus the case of Japan becomes the case of England, of France, of the United States. The lesson to be drawn from this complete manual of imperial conquest and behavior is that no nation is good enough or great enough to rule another.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Dirge for a Georgian

The Pier Glass, by Robert Graves. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.

ALMOST ten years ago, there appeared the first of the biennial anthologies of Georgian Poetry. It promised to quicken the sluggish blood of contemporary English verse, to bring a rich and even raw vigor to the thinning stream drained by such still-existing Victorians as William Watson, Alfred Noyes, Henry Newbolt, Richard Le Gallienne. It included poets as individualized and varied as John Masefield, Rupert Brooke, Lascelles Abercrombie, Ralph Hodgson, Walter de la Mare. Later J. C. Squire and Siegfried Sassoon were added. Then the war settled down to the grim business of stifling those singers it had not already killed. The anthologies continued. But, though less than a decade had intervened since their inception, by 1919 the quickening impulse was as dead as Brooke and Sorley and Flecker; Georgian Poetry began to assume the flat, academic and merely pretty-colored quality which "distinguishes" it at present. Today there is missing from its prim pages whatever is undeviating or analytic or passionate or, in a word, relentlessly original.

In the 1918-1919 collection, for example, are the facile, polished and gracefully correct sentiments of platitudinarians like Thomas Moult, J. D. C. Pellow, Francis Brett Young, Edward Shanks, Fredegond Shove. All of these contributors are so true to their minor type that the poems of one might be substituted for the other —so similar are the lines in temper, subject matter, attitude and tone of voice. But what makes the later Georgian anthologies so misleading and actually misrepresentative is not the vapidity of their inclusions, but the number—and quality—of their damning omissions. One looks vainly in this urbane assembly for the burning penetrations of Charlotte Mew, the never exaggerated and authoritative simplicity of Edward Thomas, the imperative questions of Anna Wickham, the restless irony of the Sitwells, the chiselled images of Richard Aldington, the courageous fervor of Wilfred Owen, the fluent and strongly personal rhythms of Ford Madox Hueffer. Even D. H. Lawrence is grudgingly given space for only one short poem as against nine by the innocuous John Freeman.

But an even greater criticism of the Georgian group is the rapidity with which many of its most promising members have lost their individuality, their power, their public—everything, in short, but the habit of writing. Robert Graves, one of the youngest and most gifted of the lot, is an especially sharp example. Graves was a youngster when the war swept him with something of the angry fire that blazed in Owen and Sassoon. Like Owen, he cried out at the insane horror of youth destroying youth; like Sassoon, he defended his spirit with the weapons of satire and pity. But, unlike either of his comrades, Graves possessed a whimsicality, a lightness of touch which he communicated with no little intensity in

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his Fairies and Fusiliers. Beneath the grim records of A Dead Boche, The Assault Heroic, Goliath and David or the tragic irony of Dead Cow Farm, one caught a lurking ghost of a grin; an irrepressible and quaintly individualized banter shone through poems entitled I Wonder What It Feels Like To Be Drowned?, A Pinch of Salt, The Bough of Nonsense.

In Country Sentiment, published early last year, this light heartiness, this unaffected and (in spite of certain imitations of twitching dramatic ballads) usually smiling simplicity maintained itself. But dilution is already discernible. Graves is beginning to force his note. And in The Pier Glass (1921) the third stage is evident; the poet conforms to type. He becomes the true Georgian writing fluently and fairly well about nothing in particular; writing chiefly since there is nothing to stop his stanza-making, writing, it seems, because of obedience to no law stronger than the law of inertia. Of his first passion there is little left but an afterglow of emotion; instead of a headstrong or fantastic imagination we have a mild fancy. This, a leaf from de la Mare, is one of the most representative and, in many ways, one of the best selections from The Pier Glass:

FOX'S DINGLE

Take now a country mood,
  Resolve, distil it:—
Nine Acre swaying alive,
  June flowers that fill it,

Spicy sweet-biar bush,
  The uneasy wren
Fluttering from ash to birch
  And back again,

Milkwort on its low stem,
  Spread hawthorn tree,
Sunlight patching the wood,
  A hive-bound bee. . . .

Girls riding nim-nim-nim,
  Ladies, trot-trot,
Gentlemen hard at gallop,
  Shouting, steam-hot.

Now over the rough turf
  Bridles go jingle,
And there's a well loved pool,
  By Fox's Dingle,

Where Sweetheart, my brown mare,
  Old Glory's daughter,
May loll her leathern tongue
  In snow-cool water.

Though there are two or three poems contrived to pique the memory, Graves spins his threads so thin that they are continually breaking. Unlike Hodgson or de la Mare, his whimsy is neither deep nor dexterous enough to fulfill the demands he puts upon it. His country ballads are both tenuous and artificial; his love-songs no longer fresh nor fervent. In common with his confrères, he whips up his overworked material and digs frantic spurs in the sides of a tired Pegasus. The procession is moving—no matter how slowly, no matter if it is possibly moving backward—he must join it. And so another Georgian loses his early spontaneity. Remembering all the others, he forgets to be himself.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Late Spring

If Winter Comes, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.00.

THERE is enough whimsical charm in If Winter Comes to make one read on, in spite of an occasional cloying sweetness and several simple rhapsodies on the mysteries of life and conventions and England my England. And the hero is curiously likable, even though Mr. Hutchinson is a little fatuous about him. An imaginative man married to a woman who has only her five senses is a theme which always gives some release to those who are, or think they are, in a similar plight. And while Mark Sabre is almost too good and true to be entirely probable, we all know his wife, Mabel. She is the woman who lives in a garden suburb; who isn't quite rich enough to have the nonchalance of wealth, but who is comfortable enough to talk about the waning race of civil tradesmen.

> Her life was living among people of her own class. Her measure of a man or a woman was, Were they of her class? If they were she gladly accepted them and appeared to find considerable pleasure in their society. Whether they had attractive qualities or no qualities at all did not affect her. The only quality that mattered was the quality of being well bred. She called the classes beneath her own standard of breeding 'the lower classes' . . . The only fact she knew about them was that they were disgustingly extravagant and spent every penny they earned.

With Mark Sabre who can see everybody's point of view and still be on the right side, she is naturally not very happy. He won't do any of the things that nice people do, and if he does do them to please her, she suspects him of unspoken sarcasm. Like most dull, selfish people, she labels as sarcasm humor that flits over her head. She really hates her husband because she can't follow him into his mind. "Things, in her expression 'went on' in his mind . . . and it exasperated her to know they were going on and that she could not understand them . . . 'It's like,' she had once complained to her father, 'it's like having a foreigner in the house.'"

And so, when Mark out of his pure heart takes a young woman with a war baby into their house, Mabel is convinced of the worst. She leaves him and starts divorce proceedings. The young woman feels so badly that she kills herself and her child. Mark's colleague and worst enemy gets the blame fixed on him. Mark is overcome and has a hemorrhage of the brain, when in walks the woman whom he has really loved all the time. The war has widowed her; Mabel has divorced him; the tardy spring is not so far behind.

In spite of the soft places in If Winter Comes, real life is in it. The chapter on the pious and genteel firm of Fortune, East and Sabre is a complete and perfect picture of business disguised as a sacrament; and home life with Mabel is so well done as to hint at experience. When Mr. Hutchinson has his feet on the ground he is fine, but he doesn't seem quite able to manage his ecstacies.

SIGNE TOKSVIG.

Contributors

JOHN DEWEY, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, has been for some time in China.

EDWARD G. LOWRY, formerly managing editor of the New York Evening Post, served in the diplomatic and military service of the United States during the war.

F. I. DAVENPORT was formerly professor of psychology at the New York Training School for Women.

J. Z. HODGE was a missionary in India for twenty years.

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